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STONE ROSES CANCEL – PAGE 3

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

THE DUST-UP BROTHERS Exclusive OASIS interview

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BLUR at Mile End

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KISS AND MUCK UP!

THE CURE go wild for GLASTONBURY

Plus: more festival filth with THE PRODIGY, GOLDIE, THE CHARLATANS, ORBITAL, DODGY, SUPERGRASS, GENE, SLEEPER and MENSWEAR

Robert Smith photographed by Steve Double

PAGES 4, 6 & 7: BJORK VERSUS SCANNER – RORY GALLAGHER DIES – GLASTONBURY HEADLINER FIASCO – S*M*A*S*H S*P*L*I*T

NME

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Reporter: ANDY RICHARDSON (0171 261 5818)

PICTURE: LFI

Love comes 'round

COURTNEY LOVE was hospitalised on Sunday, June 11 after a drug overdose.

The incident happened in her hometown of Seattle, where she had returned after touring. The singer took some prescription pills, passed out and was taken to hospital for treatment but discharged the same day.

A spokesman for Love stressed that the incident was not serious. Hospital procedure dictates that if a suicide attempt is suspected the patient is kept in for observation for 72 hours. Also, if the incident had been heroin-related the police would have been notified.

Call 911: Courtney in New York with friend Jeff Buckley before her 'overdose' incident

Primals make Small contribution

PRIMAL SCREAM have teamed up with '60s diva **PP ARNOLD** for a cover of 'Understanding' on a Small Faces tribute album.

Other artists who have contributed to the LP include Mother Earth, Ride, The Black Crowes, Paul Weller, Gene, Reef, Odessa, Changing Man, Mantaray, Kenny Jones and Ocean Colour Scene. The album is being compiled by Acid Jazz records.

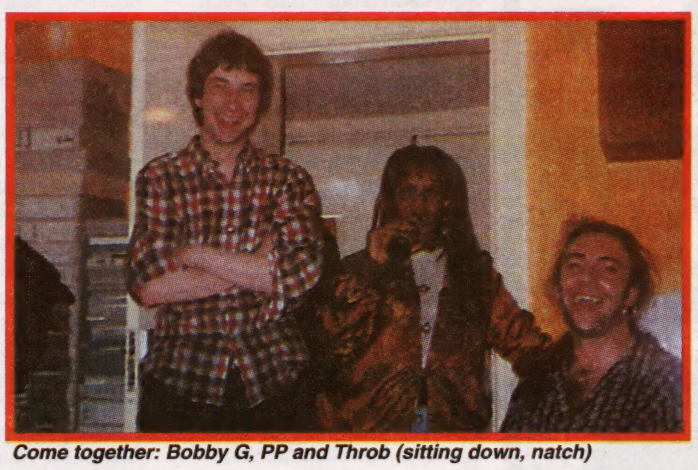
The Small Faces, currently the most influential '60s British band, are also the subject of a new book, *Small Faces: The Young Mods' Forgotten Story*, by Paolo Hewitt, published by Acid Jazz books on July 4.

There will be a special launch for the book at London Hoxton Blue Note with live bands and special guests.

Over 200 photographs used in the book will be auctioned at the launch, with all proceeds going towards medical costs for former Small Faces bass player/songwriter Ronnie Lane who suffers from multiple sclerosis.

Other Small Faces related projects on the go are a mooted Granada TV documentary on the band and a proposed musical. The Small Faces are just starting to sort out royalties owed to them from compilation albums issued in the US as well as getting control of the publishing rights to most of their songs.

● Meanwhile, **PRIMAL SCREAM** have turned down an offer to replace **THE STONE ROSES** at Glastonbury because guitarist Robert 'Throb' Young is still incapacitated after a motorcycle crash earlier this year. More Glastonbury news on page 4.



Come together: Bobby G, PP and Throb (sitting down, natch)

● **OASIS**, the band, have settled out of court with the clothing chain Oasis over the use of the name on T-shirts and clothing.

The band agreed to a once-only payment to the chain. A spokesman said: "It's no big deal. We came to an amicable arrangement for what will be a nominal sum."

The second not coming

THE STONE ROSES have cancelled their Glastonbury appearance but hinted that they will be playing British dates in September.

Since the Roses' decision to pull out of their first officially scheduled UK gig for five years – because of guitarist John Squire's broken collarbone – *NME* has been inundated with calls from angry fans. Various music web sites on the Internet have also been flooded with postings from fans.

Last week, Roses bassist Mani, in an interview with *NME*, assured readers that the band would play Glastonbury, but then Roses spokespeople suggested that their appearance was not that definite.

John Squire's injury was worse than first thought and required his collarbone to be rebroken and reset, according to a statement issued on Tuesday. Squire saw former Manchester United physiotherapist Jim McGregor who confirmed that it would take between six and eight weeks for the guitarist to recover.

"I broke mine in the past," Roses singer Ian Brown told *NME*, empathising with the guitarist. "Twice. Once I fell off a scooter and once I fell off a mate's shoulders. After four weeks I was that impatient with it – 'cos they strap you up under your arms like a figure of eight – I tried to take it off and it went and cracked again. I had to have another six weeks strapped up on top of that."

Brown hinted that there is a possibility of the band playing at either Reading or Phoenix festival if a slot became available.

"If John was fit and the others were up for it I'd do it. But if the organisers asked us to do it, we'd do it, yeah. We wanted to come back with a big bang and that's what was gonna be so good about Glastonbury, but Reading might be the way to do it. Start all over again," he said.

"We've got some gigs lined up for September. I don't know the actual dates but we're definitely doin' Glasgow, Belfast, and we're trying to set up Manchester right now. Probably be the end of September."

Brown also said that he doubted whether he would go to Glastonbury just for the crack, as Mani said they would.

"They'll all be after my blood," he said. "I appreciate a lot of people may have bought tickets for Glastonbury just to see us, but there's not a lot we can do about it, is there? I'm as gutted as they are. I've never been to Glastonbury and I always wanted to wait until we'd done it as a band. This was gonna be the big introduction, what a way to see it, y'know."

Fan reaction has been a mixture of conciliatory letters and anger. Many readers were cynically suggesting that the Roses never had any intention of playing at Glastonbury or anywhere else in the UK.

"Yeah, I've seen that Internet stuff but I've never actually used it myself," said Brown. "I never read any of that stuff, never read fan letters either, none of that. I don't think it does you any good. People talking to your face is alright, you get feedback that way, but I don't read the letters. I've got sacks of 'em I've never even opened. I used to, but you end up sittin' up all night readin' the same thing over and over again."

Some 'Net postings suggest that the Roses are jinxed.

"It's just our way, innit? Things come and mess us up, it always happens. If we'd had our way we would have just motored on from '89 and never stopped. We keep gettin' kicked back. We just gotta keep going and cope with whatever gets in the way. Anything could happen, you never know, innit?"

Ian Brown's suggestion of the band who should replace them was Dub War.

The Roses are still scheduled to play the Feile festival in Ireland on August 5.

● **PULP will now close the Saturday night at Glastonbury after The Stone Roses withdrew late last week.** (*Full story page 4.*)

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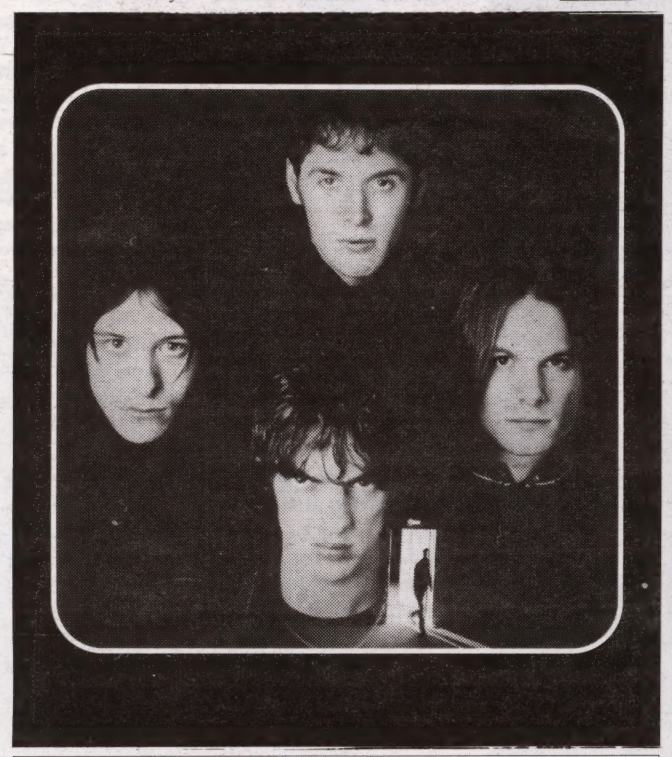

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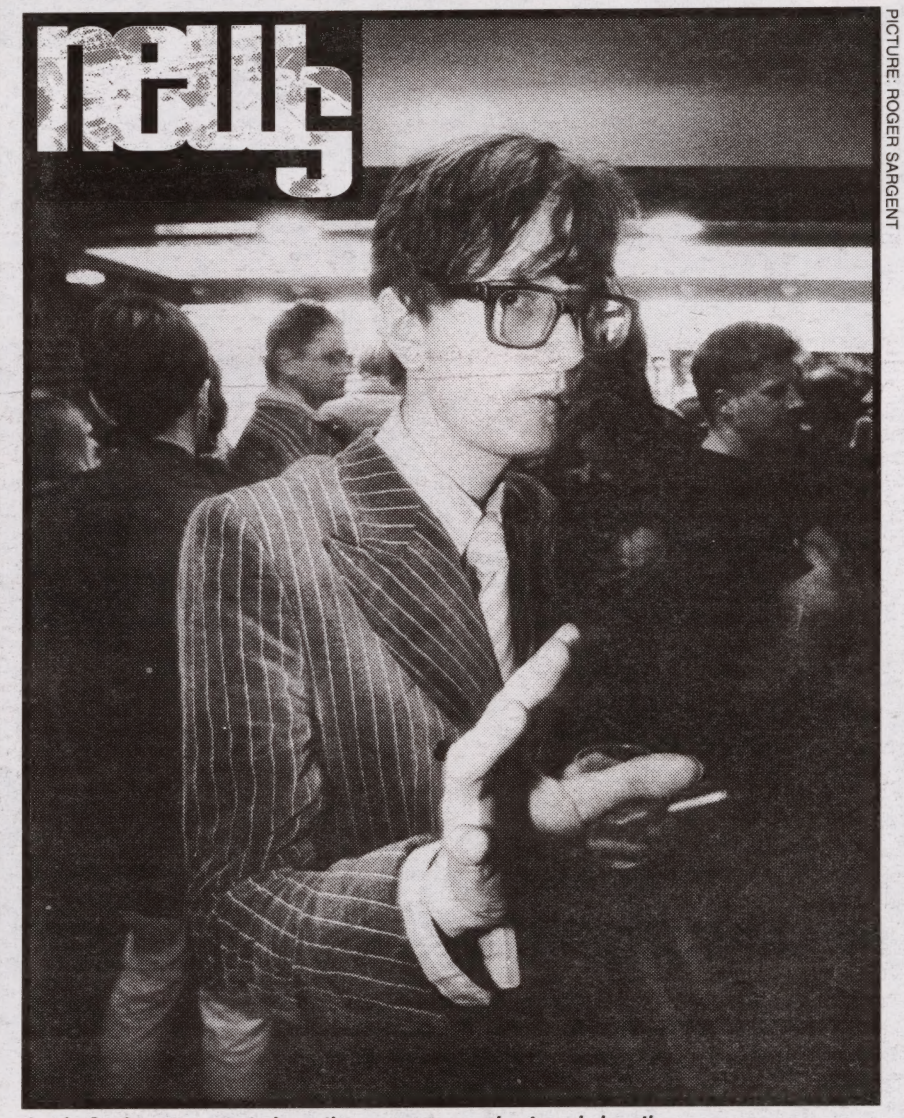


PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Jarvis Cocker attempts to keep the common people at arm's length

PULP have been confirmed as Saturday night's closing act at Glastonbury following The Stone Roses' cancellation.

"I feel a bit nervous," singer Jarvis Cocker told *NME* at Blur's Mile End gig. "We were quite flattered to be asked, to be honest. The thing I like about Glastonbury is that it's about a lot more than music.

"With it being the 25th one it's a chance to participate in a culturally significant event, something that people will remember for a very long time. It is all a bit last minute, but when we played with Oasis at Sheffield Arena that was too, so we're used to that sort of thing. You'll find us in *Yellow Pages* actually, under Bands For Hire. We're the supersubs of modern music."

Over the past week, Glastonbury organisers had frantically tried to fill the prime slot vacated by the Roses.

First choice Blur were unable to play and Primal Scream's Robert Young is still incapacitated after a motorcycle accident.

The next choice was Rod Stewart, in the country to play a string of sold out shows, but the mud and the toilets obviously never appealed and he too turned the spot down.

"I don't mind that they asked other people to fill the slot before us," said Jarvis. "We heard a lot of rumours about who was going to play, but I'm just glad it's us. I don't know how much we're getting paid, actually, but it doesn't matter. The thing that's important to me is that we get to go there and become part of it all.

"I'm hoping to get there on Friday, watch Oasis and generally 'catch' the 'vibe'. We realise it's a big step up from our slot last year but now we're bigger than Michael Jackson I'm sure we'll cope. We did think about not announcing it but we decided it was probably for the best if we didn't come on to an angry crowd of diehard Stone Roses fans. I don't think we'll be doing any Stone Roses covers, no."

Narc life

GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL will see a massive crackdown on drug dealers and users, Avon and Somerset police have pledged.

The police will be using a hi-tech drug identification device to speed up proceedings against offenders and keep them off the Glastonbury site. The device – a gas chromatograph/mass spectrometer that looks likes a desk-top photocopier – was used at Glastonbury last year. It gives detailed analysis of suspect substances within hours, enabling offenders to be brought before a court almost immediately. In previous years, suspected offenders had to be bailed while laboratory tests were carried out – tests which could take up to weeks – meaning suspected offenders could return to the festival.

This year special courts will be sitting throughout weekend meaning offenders could face on-the-spot fines and/or jail sentences. A ban on returning to the site could also be made a punishment or condition of bail by magistrates.

Police have already carried out a number of drug raids across Avon and Somerset in the weeks leading up to the festival, seizing quantities of cannabis, ecstasy, amphetamines and three-quarters of a kilo of crack-cocaine – the largest UK haul of crack outside London.

"We can't be sure these drugs were heading for the festival," said a police spokesperson. "But we're certainly glad to get them off the streets."

At last year's festival there were 242 arrests, mainly for drug offences, and the event was also marred by a shooting incident.

"We aren't in the prophecy business," said the police spokesperson, "but we will be taking all necessary steps to try and prevent any repeat of that incident."

Police also stressed that not only are drugs illegal, but that there is no quality control on chemicals being sold on site, meaning that users could be taking substances that are more hazardous than the drugs they think they are taking.

The police spokesperson also denied that the anti-drug measures were over the top.

"The trend for arrests at Glastonbury is downwards. All we want is for the kids to have a good time without their weekend being spoiled by crime – be that theft or drug-related."

● **SECURE COMPOUNDS** are being set up around the site where festival-goers can safely leave property. Police have appealed for people to mark all possessions, including tents and sleeping bags, with their postcode. Last year, hundreds of stolen items were recovered but could not be returned because there were no identifying marks.

● **THE FESTIVAL WELFARE SERVICE** has warned festival-goers to take warm and waterproof clothes with them to Glastonbury.

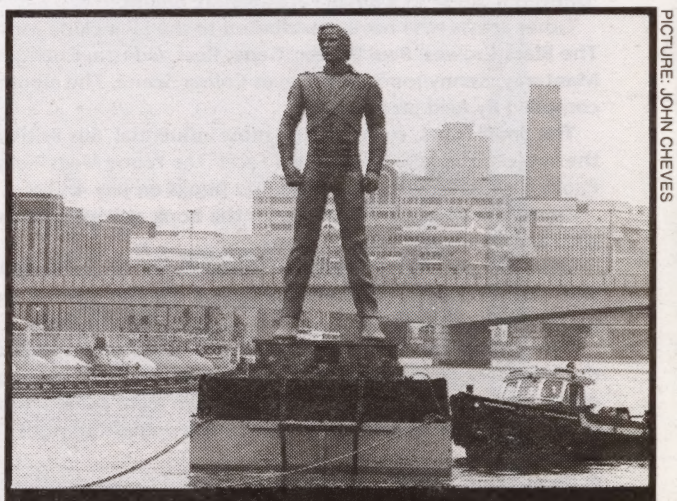
"The weather forecast doesn't look too impressive," said a spokesperson, "so proper clothing is more important than ever. Other essential items should be a torch, a first aid kit and a tent – you'd be surprised how many people turn up without one."

There will be two welfare stations on the festival site, dispensing information, advice and practical help for people with drug-related problems.

This is the last year that the FWS will be involved with festivals. The group is disbanding after its funding was cut by the Home Office and no replacement grant was found.

STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS!

THE STONE ROSES have denied reports emanating from the US that they are splitting up. Several East Coast radio stations announced that the Roses had split and that John Squire had already formed a new band. The band's official spokesperson said the reports were untrue.



PICTURE: JOHN CHEVES

● **MICHAEL JACKSON** last week sent nine giant statues of himself to nine European cities, including London.

The London statue was floated down the Thames on Thursday, June 15. The 30-foot statue will be moored at Tower Bridge before touring the country to promote Jackson's album 'HIStory'. Check local press for details.

PICTURE: RETNA

'I SEE IT AS THREE ALBUMS AND

That, apparently, is NOEL GALLAGHER's verdict on the lifespan of OASIS, Number One pop group and headline Glastonbury act. In an exclusive pre-Glasters interview, TED KESSLER hears about Noel's wish to give up writing lyrics, leaving the band and his run-in with Gilbert O'Sullivan's wife.

The rest of the band have nipped out for a spin in the company car. Down the shops, maybe. Could be on course for a brew a little later in a public house near Newport. Maybe they'll catch a film, if they've got time, or go browsing for fresh literature in the town's comprehensive WH Smith. Whatever, they've got the motor and Noel hasn't. They've got wheels and he's got the phone. The bastards...

"Yeah, bastards," he mutters into the receiver. "Total f—ing bastards, all of them. Some bright c— thought it would be A GOOD IDEA if they rented us a car while we make our album 'cos we're stuck in the middle of Wales with f— all to do. Yeah, like, cheers but that was the f—ing point! We're here to make an album not ponce about in Newport looking in shop windows all day.

"And you should see the state of the f—ing car, man! I tell you, that car has arrived at this studio from every angle possible apart from by road! Over fields, through barn doors, the lot. I dunno. Bastards..."

Noel Gallagher's actually in a very good mood considering everyone's dumped him. He's recently gorged himself on the triumph of Oasis' Number One single, 'Some Might Say', and bathed gloriously in the fulsome praise meted out to his group by their fanbase at a massive gig in Sheffield and also at a smaller, more select affair in Southend. But he hasn't got any time to hang around backslapping, pal. No, too many songs to write, too many gigs to play, too many *things* to do before he can indulge himself that much.

Except he can't get working because those bastards have taken the company car for a spin. So he'll just do this interview and then he'll nip down to the studio and see if he can whack some more stuff down. If new drummer Alan White has bailed out of the shopping/drinking/crashing expedition then he could even lay down a drum track for another song. Hmmm... plenty to do, plenty to do.

But first the *NME*. Good. There's loads of stuff he wants to share with the outside world: stuff about the new album 'Morning Glory' and Oasis' impending starring role at Glastonbury, stuff about his friends (Weller, Black Grape) and rivals (Bowie, Bon Jovi), stuff about the politics of being the most important man in Oasis, stuff about Camden, and stuff about Morrissey, Tricky and Gilbert O'Sullivan, of course. And he hasn't had a proper rant since he stumbled up to bed a good 12 hours ago.

So what are you waiting for, man. Why don't you start with that much rumoured bust-up in the studio a few weeks ago...

"I did walk out of the studio, yes. We'd put six tracks down, I was working 18 hours a day at the time in the studio and I came back one night and half of f—ing Monmouth were in my f—ing room. I'm well up for a bit of partying but all these people were there and I was 'who are you and what are you doing in my studio?'.

"People think Weller's some deep god, but he's a moany old bastard. He's like Victor Meldrew with a suntan."

"They said that Liam and Bonehead had invited them. So I went back down to the studio and all these people were running around playing with the guitars. I don't mind but they cost thousands of pounds each so I told them to get out!

"I found the others and I said, 'We're here to make a record not *National Lampoon's Animal House*. I'm off to Jersey for a couple of weeks, go and sort yourselves out'. They freaked out but I had to remind them that we were working."

You've done that before, though. Don't they ever think that you might not come back?

"No, right, there, see, that's it. They know I'll come back. One day I will go and I won't come back, though. I don't see this going on forever, even though loads of people do. I don't see it going past... I see it as three albums and that's it. That's it.

"I don't think I can do any more with Oasis after that. I think a band like us will have run our course after that. There's only so many anthems you can write, you can't write that many really. You've got to step up and change or step back a bit and change. I don't know for sure, but I'd say the next one will be last one. I hope not, but that's the plan. I've no idea what I'd do then. Sell shoes probably."

PICTURE: REDFERNS

Lights! Camera! Friction! Liam and Noel on TV's* The White Room *this year

If John Major was to award you an MBE – like Wilson did The Beatles – when you do split up, would you accept?

"Yeah, I would because you could probably flog it. I'd accept

THAT'S IT'

but I'd rather he offered me a place in the f—ing cabinet. Minister For Rock! They've got a Minister For Sport but who gives a f— about sport, all that bollocks, running around in shorts and that! F— that nonsense! I could be the Minister For Rock. Just see myself in The House Of Lords falling asleep and dribbling.

"One thing that is good about sport and that's football. And the best thing about football is that United lost the championship because I f—ing hate them. We were here watching them lose it and it was a monumental occasion. When I was down in Jersey I stayed at Graham Le Saux's and had my photo taken with the championship medal. F—ing great! It's going to be a postcard to all my Man United mates."

How's the album coming along?

"It's going sky-rocketing upwards. Well, no, but it is going better than I expected. It's going really well. We've done ten songs, written two since we've been here and I think we've actually got more stuff than we need for the album. But it's going well.

"We had *(Alan)* McGee on the phone about it the other day and he wouldn't get off the bloody thing. He was f—ing wetting himself about it, thought it was bloody amazing. And you know us, we're not exactly short on self-belief but it is much better than the last one. Everyone who's heard it says that as well, and I don't think it's just arse licking. I wouldn't want to knock the last one, it's still Top 20, still f—ing selling, but the new one's better."

How does it differ from the last one?

"I think the sound of 'Definitely Maybe' was a bit one-dimensional, everything was the same tone and wack it up to ten and off we go. There are a few songs on the new one that could've gone on 'Definitely Maybe' but overall I think there's a lot more variety in the songs and a lot more going on generally."

Do you do much singing?

"I do sing several, er, numbers. And I sound pretty good, too."

How does Liam take it?

"On the chin. No, but I like to sing. I like to sing a few songs on every record we make. There's one that I sing which is the first I've ever done with a full band. It started out as an acoustic number but I made them play it as a proper band song. Well, bribed them, actually, but..."

Why don't you take a little holiday? Why the rush to play more gigs and record all the time?

"Ha! Thing is, I've always thought that, as a fan myself, you get all these bands who get a bit of success and then they go and have a year off! Why?! There's all these bands who go, 'Oh, we're having a year off to get our heads together, to find some f—ing perspective or something', and then they come back and they find that music's moved on so much that the place that they left has vanished and gone forever.

"So my plan was always that once we got to some place we'd just keep at it while we were on a roll. I mean, I'm only 28, I can take a year out when I'm 38. Plus, we get bored after a week or so. What are we going to do? Lie on a beach, watch f—ing telly? I don't think so. We either put out loads of records and do loads of gigs or we couldn't do it at all. Who wants to be a myth? It's either put up or shut up with our band."

How's the new drummer?

"Oh, f—ing hell! Brilliant, man. He does it all in one f—ing take, do you know I mean? Alan White, he's alright – as he's now known. When we got rid of Tony *(McCarroll)* we didn't have a replacement drummer and everyone was going, 'You idiot, what are you going to do about the album?' because it was just before we were meant to start recording. And I was the only one who'd heard the songs because we don't do demos or any of that shit and I knew, well, I like Tony as a geezer but he wouldn't have been able to drum the new songs. People can say, 'Oh you didn't give him the chance', and I didn't, but, well, call me a c— if you want."

You were reported as saying once that it was you five or nothing, though.

"No, no, no, no, our press officer said that. I never said that. 'Oasis exist as a unit.' Do they f—, man! Everyone's dispensable! Too f—ing right, might even fire meself one of these days. "

Are you looking forward to another messy Glastonbury?

"Too f—ing right, but shame about The Black Crowes. You can't get much worse than Black Crowes as a support, can you? Apart from f—ing Suede or someone like that, but The Black Crowes are pretty bad enough. Still, eh, what an act to follow! Ooooh, the pressure's on boys! Personally, I'll be trying to catch some of these new bands I haven't seen yet. I'll be stood by the *NME* stage with me arms folded, scratching me chin, going 'mmmmmmm...'

"I'd like to see Elastica, never seen them, and I've seen Gene once, they were... sort of alright. I'd like to meet some bands, too, but they're always scared of us. You put your hand out to shake their hand and they look at it as if it's got one of those joke electric buzzers. It's like, 'Pleased to meet you, got to go and mow my lawn now, mate.'

"But I am looking forward to seeing Roger Daltrey And Friends, the cheesy c—! Apparently, Gilbert O'Sullivan is playing. He is! I've just been down in Jersey for a week and I was walking around the town centre and this young girl comes up to me and asks for my autograph and she says, 'I'll see you at Glastonbury'. And she's only a kid, so I say, 'Are you going?' And she says, 'My dad's playing. Yeah, my dad, f—ing Gilbert O'Sullivan!'

"I was, like, "That old c—?' And her mum grabbed me arm and said, 'Easy, that's me husband!' Maybe he's one of Daltrey's friends, poor sod."

Would you blow Glastonbury out for Bon Jovi if he said come and co-headline with me for three nights?

"He did, actually. We turned him down. Turned loads down, actually. Turned down Bon Jovi, turned down The Rolling Stones at Wembley, turned down the David Bowie world tour. The only thing we're committed to is the REM show.

"We could've done them, too, I think everyone expected us to do The Stones shows, and I personally wanted to but it would've held up the album too much. But the Bon Jovi show, well, nah, it's not worth the humiliation. I like him as a bloke, but his group... and as for Bowie, well, 20 years ago maybe but not now. He's just an old git."

That's what some say about your mate Paul Weller, though.

"But he's a good old git. People think he's some deep god, but he's a moany old bastard. He's like Victor Meldrew with a suntan. He's a nice bloke, I love him like the day is long and he's so honest. Too honest maybe. But I was shitting myself when I played with him on *The White Room*, bricking it. Still, must've been as bad for him as it was for me. It was probably an honour for him to play one of my songs for a start, let alone do it on TV.

"The weird thing is that because we've got so many young fans, they were coming up to me asking who that old bloke playing with us on piano was! We're going, 'That, right, that's f—ing Paul Weller!' They're going 'What does *he* do?' Then you realise these kids are 11, 12 and they've never heard The Jam. So you put them on your knee and go, 'Let's go back to 1976, there you go!' "

Have you heard the Black Grape stuff?

"F—ing great! Bonkers! Have you heard that song? I hadn't heard it before *Top Of The Pops* the other night, but I was sat

CONTINUES OVER

PICTURE: PETER ANDERSON/SIN

The High Llamas

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

there with my hand over my mouth. I couldn't believe it! It's such a great record because the music's so f—ing out there. I thought he must have been singing live because of the vocals and that, but he wasn't. What a performance! Them and Pulp, I mean Pulp were brillant. That 'Common People' should've been a Number One any week. The lyrics are hilarious, I think he's a top guy."

What have you been writing about?

"Same old shit, really. I want to give up, actually. I hate writing lyrics. Hate it, hate it. Don't like it at all. It's a problem. When we came up to the studio I had all these songs written and they were all arranged, they all had melodies but I just found myself repeating myself over the things I wrote on 'Definitely Maybe'. It's becoming a pain in the f—ing arse, so, if there's anybody out there who's got some lyrics they don't want, give them to me. Feel free."

You sounded a little miserable on the B-side of 'Some Might Say', 'Talk Tonight'.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm a miserable twat sometimes. See, all the stuff on 'Definitely Maybe' was written when we didn't have a record deal and I wasn't writing with anything in mind, I was just writing. But now when I write something I think of what all the people in brackets are going to read into it. I know I shouldn't but I can't help it. Now we're a business thing we're not as happy-go-lucky as we used to be."

Do you feel under pressure?

"Yes, I do. But it's only internal pressure because of the standards that I set, it's nobody else that puts me under pressure. I don't give a f— if anybody likes it, I don't care if it gets slagged off. That's not why I'm in it. Any journalist can pick holes in the new record if they like but the thing is that it won't come out of the studio if I'm not happy with it. You lot could love it, McGee, our kid, anyone, but I have to like it, too. Otherwise you'll never hear it. Once it's in the shops you can rest assured that I'm happy, you can slag it off then because that's what people do, innit?"

What are you listening to at the moment?

"'Stanley Road', obviously. 'Common People' by Pulp. Black Grape. 'Staying Out For The Summer' by Dodgy. I'd like to hear the Tricky album because I met him the other night and he was trying to get work off us. He was going *(adopts heavy West Country accent)* 'We should work together us because we've both got the same enemies!' I was going, 'F—ing speak for yourself, I haven't any enemies, everybody loves me, mate!' It was at the Massive Attack show and he was saying we should be doing some stuff together, I said, 'Sure, if you've got the stuff, I've got the razor blade and mirror.' But he meant music, unfortunately. I'd love to hear this Björk song called 'Definitely Maybe'."

"Tricky was saying we should be doing some stuff together, I said, 'Sure, if you've got the stuff, I've got the razor blade and mirror'. But he meant music, unfortunately."

You mean 'Possibly Maybe'.

"So we can't sue her? Oh bollocks. I haven't been listening to that much contemporary music for ages and ages. Too busy making me own."

Where are you living?

"Camden, but not through choice. I'd rather not be there but we had to get out of Johnny Marr's house because he sold it, the f—ing bastard. How dare he sell it, where am I going to go? So I'm in Camden, even though I don't really want to be there. But it was me birthday the other day and I was walking up the street and I bump into f—ing Morrissey! And I'm thinking, 'I've slagged him off in the past and he's going to fill me in here!' He's about six foot, f—ing enormous and I'm only a skinny c— drug addict and he's going to kung-fu kick me in the chest! I thought he was going to batter me!

"So we walk past each other and sort of go '...Alright? Alright?' And we stopped and had a bit of a chat. And it was alright until he went, 'Do you live around here?' So I tell him where and then he notices I've got this huge bag of booze and he goes, 'Are you having a party?' And I go 'Yeah, it's my birthday' and I was thinking to myself, 'Oh God, I can feel myself inviting him to my party, oh no!' And you know what it's like when you can feel yourself inviting someone along somewhere when you know you shouldn't? It would've freaked me mates out if he'd turned up.

"But I could feel the words coming out anyway, I'm thinking don't do it, don't do it but I'm saying, 'Why don't you come along?!?' And he goes, 'Well, what time should I be there?' So I go home and start thinking I'm going to have to call the f—ing thing off. Nothing for it. Next thing this card appears through the letterbox from Morrissey saying, 'Sorry, I can't make it, but give us a ring if you want to go shoplifting'.

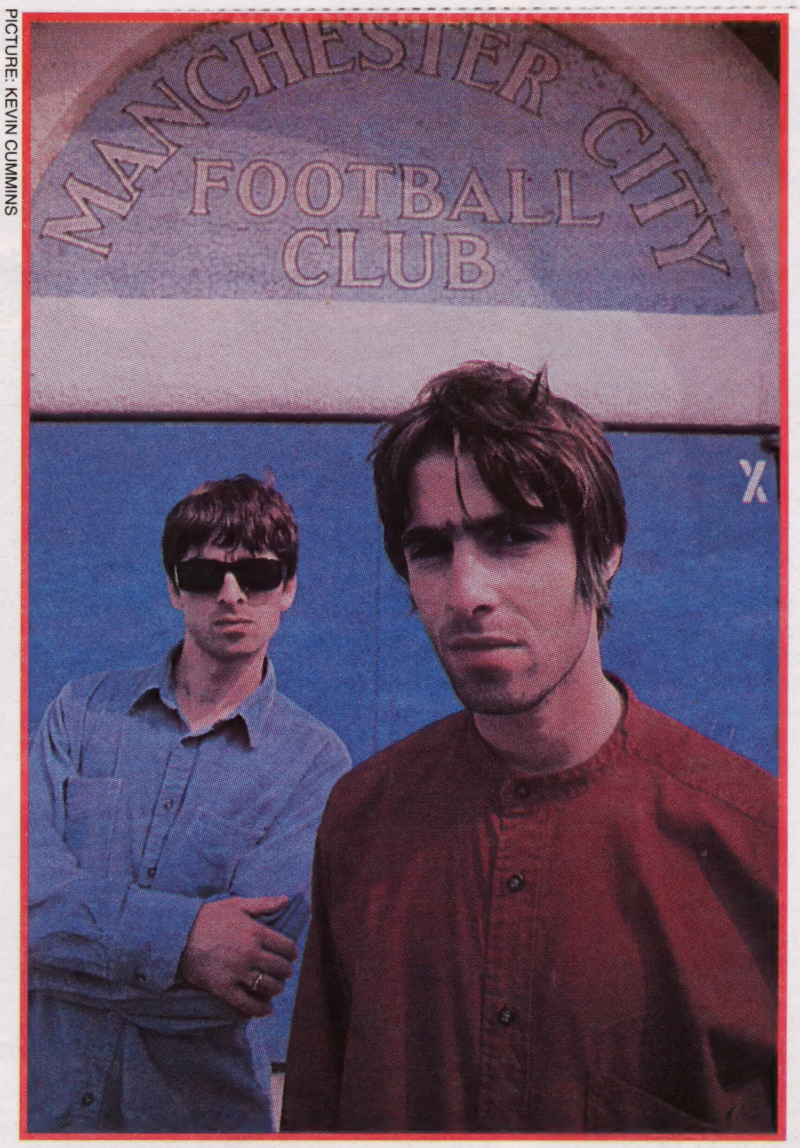
"He was alright considering I'd proper slated him. I would've nutted him if it had been the other way. Maybe. Yeah, nice bloke. Sarcastic little c— but I can dig that...

"Can I go now, please? I'm dying to play some guitar, man, dying. Yeah, loads to do now those bastards have pissed off in the car. Loads. So, can I go please?"

SEEMS LIKE a fair request from the little guy with the big eyebrows, so we bid him farewell and good luck with his 'Morning Glory'.

The next time any of us see him will probably be onstage at Glastonbury on Friday night, or failing that you might see him standing cross-armed by the *NME* stage checking out the opposition. If you do see him and your name happens to be Gilbert O'Sullivan, please introduce yourself. Noel would love to catch your act.

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS



Hot in the City: Noel and Liam at worship

OI, SHUTTER!

● GLASTONBURY: all human (and plenty of inhuman) life is drawn to it, showing off in the Circus and Theatre Fields. ANDY RICHARDSON has tracked down eight prime nutters who will be performing for you. Capture their lunacy on film and you could get *NME* free for a whole year. Happy snapping! Prints of dorkness: ANDY WILLSHER

(Left) Slaphead slapstick: Les And His Sidekick and (top) Peewee and Emma: strictly brawlroom

It's five o'clock on Saturday and you think your name is Jasmine. Your tent has collapsed, your liver is screaming and you've already seen God twice. You've been to the Green Field, eaten something brown and furry and strictly vegetarian and agreed to join an environmental pressure group which is fighting to ban centre partings. What to do now?

Why not head to the Theatre and Circus Fields to savour the true essence of Glastonbury? Just to watch those ridiculous creatures who come out once a year to dress up as lions, walk around on stilts and tell endless jokes about drugs, sex and their days at university.

And why not win a year's free subscription to *NME* in the process? All you have to do is follow your intrepid *NME* photographer who has already traversed the width and breadth of this fair isle just to meet seven 'Visually Entertaining Performers' who will be appearing at Glastonbury. We've photographed them, taken stock of their madness and now it's up to you.

So off you go, seek out these seven VEPs and then photograph a lucky eighth and send us the pictures with a short caption accompanying each.

But before you go, check out the *NME* Tent (in the *NME* Stage arena) where those nice people at Fuji have provided us with 300 Fujicolour Quicksnap disposable cameras to help you capture those Glasto highs and lows. The Fujicolour Quicksnap is a high quality, easy-to-use, disposable camera so you needn't worry too much if you drop it in the mud.

Remember, there are only 300 Fujicolour cameras on offer so get to the *NME* Tent smartish. Here's our loony seven... May the farce be with you:

GREEN GINGER

GREEN GINGER are at Heathrow Airport when we meet them. Two policemen stand in a corner looking very nervous. A woman wanders over and asks what's going on. It's difficult to know. Green Ginger – Terry Lee, Dik Downey and Chris Pirie – are dressed in yellow and black combat uniforms, knee pads and gas masks. They are flying to New York to rescue the World Trade Center from terrorists. Sadly, they're a bit late. The Center was bombed 14 months ago and they will probably be arrested.

"We aim to make areas safe," explains Chris, through his Donald Duck-type voice swazzle. "But sometimes people don't understand.

"We were in Huddersfield a month ago at a shopping centre. The security guards spotted us on their cameras and threw us out. They thought we were terrorists. They got pissed off when we refused to take our masks off. One was shouting, 'Don't f—ing push it, son'. As if terrorists would wear uniforms and have exploding cakes?!"

● *See Green Ginger in the Theatre Field. They are very, very funny.*

PEEWEE AND EMMA

LOOK OUT for garish costumes and listen for loud rows. Peewee And Emma are Latin ballroom dancers who were inspired by *Come Dancing* and *Strictly Ballroom*.

"We used to do synchronised swimming in a bath," says Emma. "But we had too many problems with the bath at airports. We had to ditch the bath and get a new act." The new act is prima donna ballroom dancers who pose, preen and then argue. A lot.

"I was dancing once with a policeman," adds Emma. "But he got pissed off and he threatened to arrest me. I didn't know what he was going to charge me with. Humiliating a policeman?"

Peewee adds: "When we had the dancing lessons we didn't want to tell our teacher what we were doing because it's basically taking the piss. But when we told her she loved it. She told us lots of new moves to do."

● *Peewee And Emma appear in the Circus and Theatre Fields.*

Green Ginger – NUTS!!!

LES AND HIS SIDEKICK

THINK 'REEVES And Mortimer' and you'll remember Les. He was the silent bald guy in the white coat who had a row of blue pens nestling in his top pocket.

"I've played Glastonbury before," he says. "The last time was the *NME* Stage which was a bit big for a silent act. But I met David Icke, and that was good." Les, who has not appeared in public for a year, has a seven-foot sidekick who wanders around with a small instrument case and enjoys hot dogs smothered in tomato sauce. "They're quite tacky," he confides.

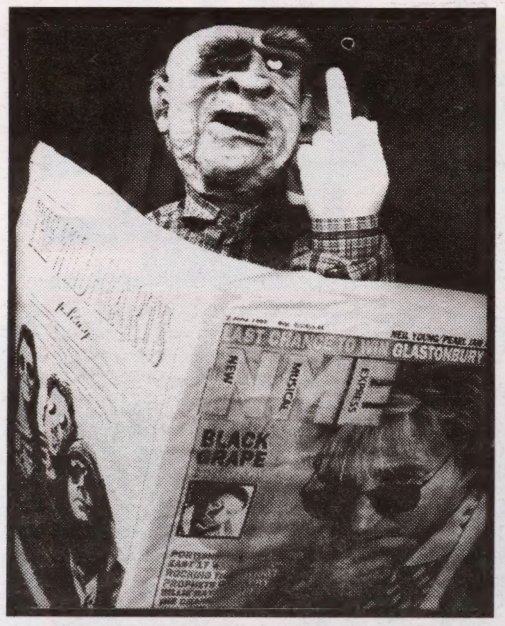
At Glastonbury they will be accompanied by a large bear (fake) and a Pam Ayres lookalike (real). "We'll also be doing a slide show of Les' Day Out In London," says Les. "When I was doing the slides a woman ran up to me asking where St Thomas' Hospital was, thinking I was a doctor. I told her I didn't know where it was."

Les, a potter by trade, is planning a brief tour later this year and may soon release a video. "It's already made," he says. "I feel like one of those bands who has a record that the label won't release." His sidekick adds: "Perhaps you should have 'Slave' scrawled across your forehead. Or 'Servant' on your cheek."

● *Les And His Sidekick appear in the Circus and Theatre Fields.*

ORIGINAL MIXTURE

GLASTONBURY IS a tradition for this long-standing duo; they made their debut ten years ago. This year, their act will consist of the Newspaper Men, where they



(Left) Original Mixture: Newspaper Men say 'NME is Number One!' while (right) X Factor's Visioney opens up her own vampire kebab stall, minus the elephant's leg

will dress in grey macs and broad-brimmed hats and perform puppetry from behind huge newspapers. Their dummies blow bubbles, unfurl long red tongues and smoke cigarettes.

"We've been performing for 15 years," says Mitch Mitchelson. "We've played in Sweden, Estonia, Japan and a Vietnamese refugee camp in Hong Kong."

His 'Newspaper Man' partner Andy Webster adds: "We were performing once and there was a police chase right in front of us. It was like, 'Stop thief! Stop thief!' in between ourselves and the audience. It was quite amusing." Quite.

● *Original Mixture appear in the Circus and Theatre Fields.*

HAZE VS THE X FACTOR

HAZE CAME to the irrefutable conclusion that he was a vampire at an early age. He is now 533 years old. He dresses like a man who should have been in The Damned and has a neat line in drinking blood and throwing body fluids at an audience. "Blood is nice," he says. "It's quite warm."

His assistants are French vampire Visioney and German vampire Laythma, who he met after placing a classified ad in a magazine.

Haze was born in Preston, near Transylvania, though he now lives in London. His specialities are wearing black leather trousers, levitating Laythma and sticking knives into Visioney's arm. He also enjoys a bit of impaling, although we declined the offer of a demonstration.

Haze says: "I've been into this since I was a kid. I like being a vampire because they never age and they're very romantic. They're predators of passion."

And with that he whips out his fire clubs, necks a glass of meths and starts blowing flames into nearby trees.

● *Haze Vs The X Factor appear at the Circus Tent on Friday (11.30pm) and Saturday (9.30 and 11.30pm).*

THE BALLY HOOLIGANS

THE BALLY Hooligans are in a large upstairs room above a Covent Garden shop. Nearby, three people lie comatose on a settee. Five minutes later The Bally Hooligans – Lee, Richard and Adam – are in Covent Garden Market dressed in tutus and large boots. They fake ballet steps, slap each other around the head and instantly attract a large crowd.

The Bally Hooligans are Glastonbury's gatecrashers. They invade various stages throughout the festival, "rescuing" other performers when their sets start to sag. "We always wanted to be funny," says Alan, before Lee adds: "It's all a bit weird and a bit strange." Lee is right.

● *The Bally Hooligans appear in a tent near you. Beware!*

Mental featherweight Birdman and (top right) The Bally Hooligans: tutu much

BIRDMAN

IF YOU see this man, be scared. He will be making bird noises and have a power pack on his back, a bird on a stick and spotlights on his head. Birdman lives in Bristol and is a part-time drama teacher and street performer. His housemate informs us, "He's a very strange man." His housemate is a good judge of character.

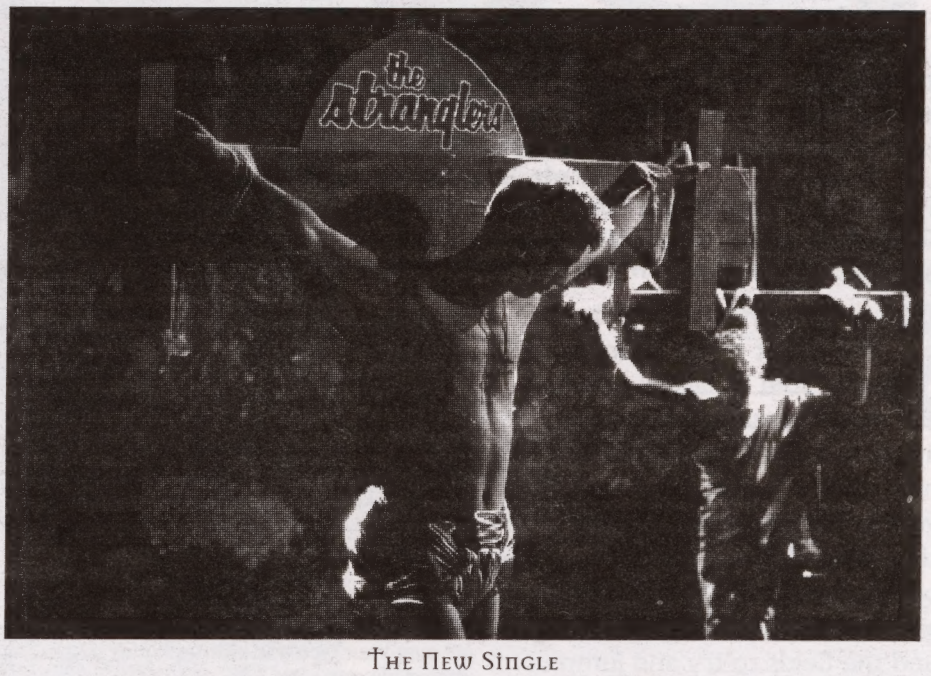
Birdman's backpack consists of a car stereo, three spotlights, a bubble machine and a bird on a stick. "It's a virtual reality bird," Birdman – real name Olly Crick, Lunatic (so he tells us) – informs. "A lot of people think I am a real loony and leave me alone."

Birdman also has a whale on a stick which transforms him into Fishman and when the *NME* takes photographs, Fishman's eyes grow dim and he starts calling, "Away whaley, away whaley."

● *Nobody – least of all Birdman – knows where Birdman will be.*

● When you have collected your set of Glastonbury loonies (not forgetting your tie-breaking loony) on your spiffingly fine Fujicolour Quicksnap camera, send your photos with appropriate captions naming the nutters plus your name and address to *NME* GLASTONBURY FUJI PHOTO COMPETITION, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE99 0BB by no later than July 22, 1995. The best entry will receive *NME* FREE for a year. The editor's decision is final. All photos will be returned after judging.

the Stranglers



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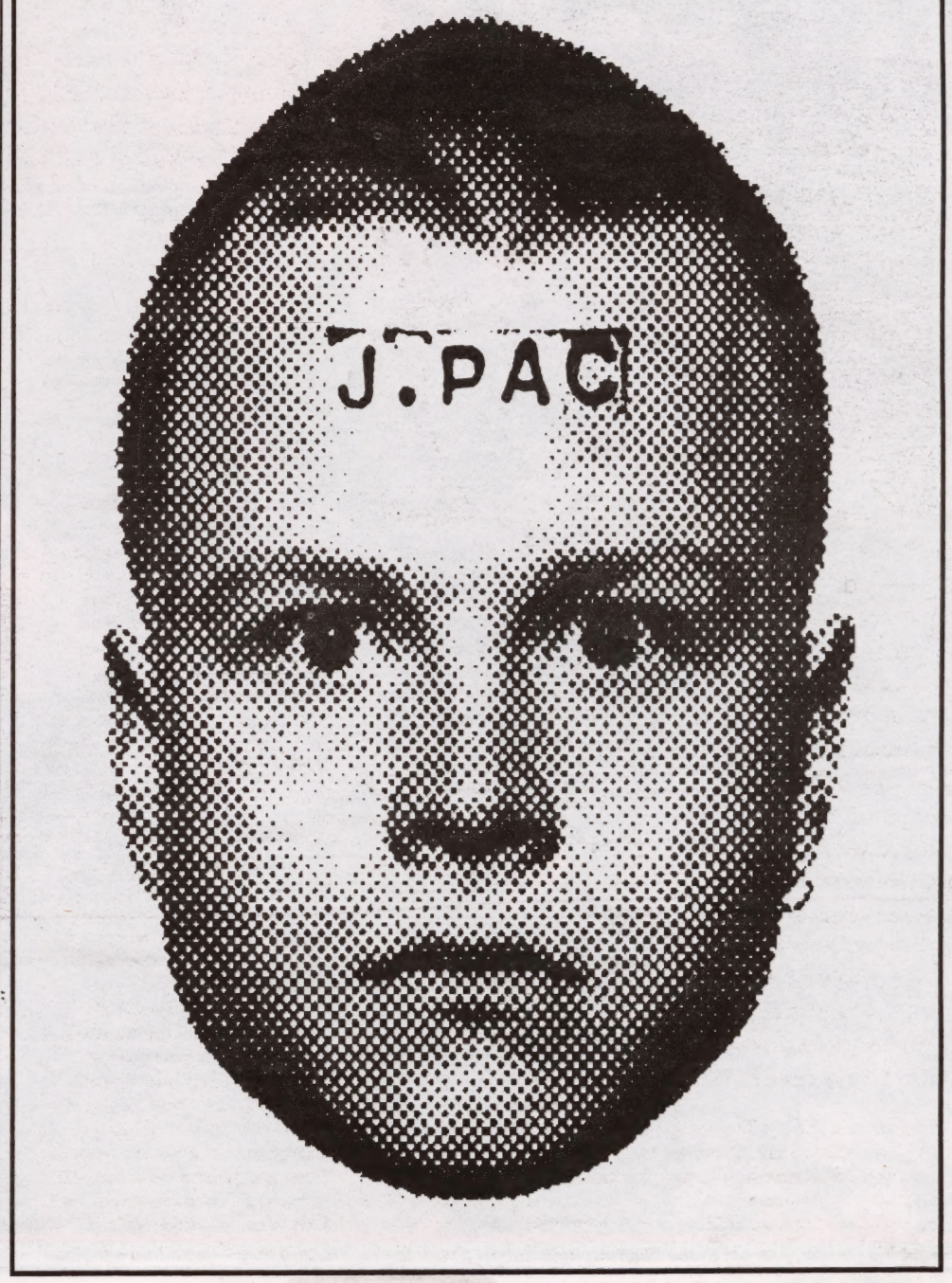


TOR DE FALSE

● Can't make it to Glastonbury this year? Mum wouldn't allow you near the place, huh, or is it, as you've told your friends, you were backpacking in the Andes when the tickets went on sale? Either way, KEITH from THE PRODIGY, a, uh, prodigious festival-goer, can help turn your beloved living room into your own private Glasto. JOHNNY CIGARETTES gulps down Nice Nigella's non-alcoholic natural soya lager substitute. Flash in the portaloo: STEVE DOUBLE

So you've tried everything. The ticket office 70 miles away sold its last two tickets three minutes before you arrived, to an insurance clerk in a Simple Minds T-shirt. You ring the advert in the paper and they're asking 200 quid for a pair of probable forgeries. You can't face the prospect of walking ten miles round the fields to try and jump over the wall, only to get the shit kicked out of you by security guards. You don't know anyone within blagging distance of any guest list. DO NOT DESPAIR! Don't even leave your armchair, in fact. Because we're here to tell you how to do GLASTO IN YOUR LIVING ROOM.

Robert Smith and Ian Brown were both desperate to model for us, but at the last minute both were called away on urgent world tours, and couldn't make it down to our semi-derelict "typical *NME* reader's living room" on the North Peckham estate. We needed someone who wasn't afraid to get mud up his nose in the name of art. Keith Prodigy, flame-haired temptress of the thinking raver, is that man, and he, and no-one else, knows what festivals are all about.

"I'm well into the idea of getting right in there and getting dirty," says Keith. "It does you a lot of good sometimes. I actually like sleeping out in the open, finding your own little spot, building a fire and getting charcoal all over your face and clothes. I find it incredibly romantic."

That's right. And while we can't show you how to sleep out in the open, we can find you a secluded space (the living room floor) a fire (some firewood, some petrol and some matches – take care not to set the entire house alight), and tons of dirt (from your back garden, or perhaps buy some Gro-bags from the garden shop). The rest is up to your imagination.

But let us imagine it for you. Now, you're going to look a bit of a tool without a tent, so invest half of what you would have paid for a Glasto ticket at a camping shop. Make sure you spend three hours putting it up, last thing on Friday night, having ploughed through imaginary traffic jams that go all the way back to Bristol, for the last 15 hours. Also, be sure to put the tent up while completely stoned, in a corner of the living room which you will never remember, so that you will never be able to find it again without an electronic homing device.

Get a mate to hang around your living room, look shifty and shout: "Tripsh! Whizzh! Black 'ash!"

Forget the cooker, just eat those beans/spaghetti/new potatoes/frankfurters cold – mmmmm delicious

You might wish to invite drug-crazed strangers into your living room, while you're at it...

"Last time I went to Glastonbury," remembers Keith, "we gave a lift to this girl who said she was meeting someone down there. She did loads of acid and when we got there she stumbled off to meet these 'friends'. Then almost a day later she comes back to our tent telling us she'd found the answers to all human existence.

"Anyway, she ended up in the healing tent completely naked, and the people from this tent were trying to get rid of her. So we ended up having to carry her all the way across Glastonbury, then we got in the car, drove back and we were trying to chill her out before we had to take her back to her mum. On the way back we went past Stonehenge and she was trying to scramble out of the car shouting 'HENGE! HENGE!'. It was a bit mad.

"Then come one o'clock in the morning we're just driving into Braintree, ready to drop her off, and she starts taking all her clothes off again! And there's us, four dirty looking guys in a matt-black Rover, with a naked girl in the back of the car who didn't look any older than 16! Great times, though..."

If this sounds like your idea of great times, why not ring up someone with a Scouse or Welsh accent to come round and act shifty in the entrance to your living room and shout "Tripsh! Whizzh! Black 'ash! E'sh!"? Or perhaps not...

"Take yer own drugs, I reckon," says Keith. "But don't forget to try the hash fudge, if you find some honest looking travellers. That's some wicked stuff, man. Otherwise, a bit of nice hydro-bud *(a type of grass grown in water, it seems – Clueless Drugs Ed)* will sort you out."

But man cannot live on rock'n'roll and weed alone. You need some grub. For true authenticity, why not try heating a tin of baked beans with a "three for £1" lighter, imagining it's rained and the wood is too wet to light? Or perhaps just stick to bread and peanut butter. But be sure to sprinkle it liberally with the virgin soil, for that uniquely gritty Glasto flavour.

Glasto wouldn't be Glasto, however, without music. Real music, made on the land, by real people with real instruments. Why not

Ahhh... the perfect Glasto vibe in your own living room

buy a cheap acoustic guitar from your local junk shop and play it at all hours of the night, keeping yourself awake? It doesn't matter if you can play, just strum along and wail. It's not the tune, it's the "vibe" that's important.

"If you're going to have a guitar at Glastonbury you've got to play 'Wish You Were Here' by Pink Floyd over and over again," says Keith, as he fails spectacularly to pick out an A minor and then forgets all the lyrics, as is only right and proper in the circumstances.

They do, and you can no doubt replenish your carpet by pouring mud all over it and putting stones on it and dancing around on painted ley lines.

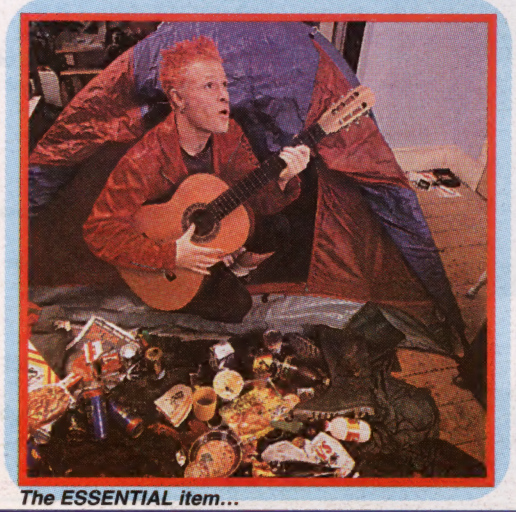
There's always the question of sanitary facilities, of course, but dig a hole in your floor, stick a bucket in it and you should be alright. Be sure to nick the bog roll the first time you go, so that on subsequent visits you have to use a soggy copy of *The Sun* or something.

Finally, though, we need ROCK'N'ROLL. We need the living, breathing live rock experience in your living room.

"Our manager nearly managed it recently," beams Keith, ever eager to help. "He had 5K in his back garden, and 1K in his living room, and the place was bangin'! I think he had the neighbours bound and gagged beforehand, though..."

Alternatively, turn on Channel 4, turn on your radio, tune in and then drop owt that makes your eyes melt. Don't come out 'til you've found the secret to all human existence. And if you see The Stone Roses, kill them.

"If you're going to have a guitar at Glastonbury you've got to play 'Wish You Were Here' by Pink Floyd over and over again." – Keith



The ESSENTIAL item...

If you are so inclined, you could also construct a stone circle in your mini-Glasto. These should be situated on ley lines (if you can't find any, paint some on the carpet), for reasons that Sir Keith will now attempt to explain.

"Well, there must be more to life than the very mechanical lifestyle we lead. We're all animals, aren't we, controlled by the moon and weather and seasons and nature, and it does control us...

"Anyway, if you think that years ago, each village would follow the ley lines to their nearest stone circle on a full moon, have, like, a party on it, using the moon as the light, and their energy would go along the ley line to the next stone circle, where the next party was, and the collective energy created would replenish the Earth... well, that's what they say, innit?"

Go, on, have a good smoke...

... and then collapse

TOO MORAL

● You're stuck at Glasto with no bog roll and the only scrap of paper you've got is Oasis' set list you risked life and limb to pinch. Do you use it as makeshift Andrex? Well you might, but when JOHN ROBINSON quizzed our pop panel on festival moral dilemmas he found most of them coming up smelling like a super-clean flush loo...

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

GAZ, DANNY, AND MICKEY SUPERGRASS

You get stuck on the way back to your tent. On one side there's a trench of deep water and on the other side is a tent filled with violent individuals. To turn back makes you a wuss, what do you do?
Gaz: I'd have to go and have a little wander over to the tent filled with the violent people, I think. Ask them what football team they support, maybe. Apologise for tripping over their little rope. Make them a little cup of tea, and ask how they're all getting on. I couldn't go the other way, though. I don't like getting wet. I'd probably put on a pair of glasses so they don't hit me. That's probably the best idea.

You are cold and wet, and have a poor sense of direction. You can either make a fire out of the written instructions you have for getting back to your tent or risk getting lost. *Que faire*?
Danny: I'd probably make the fire and end up getting horribly lost and sleep in someone else's tent. Either that or I'd head up to the jazz area, because I reckon they're all quite an accommodating bunch up there: all swingers. I've got a pretty erratic sense of direction all told, really, I've got a short attention span, and I've crashed a few cars. It's all down to how interested you are in where you're going, and I'm not that good at that.

You are filled with the urge to get your face painted like a panda, but your chums all find the sight of these good-natured bamboo-chewers repugnant. Do you still go ahead?
Mickey: I'd get it done, wouldn't I? F—'em! Personally, face-painting isn't really my style, but what I'd probably do is try it out at home and check out what I looked like first. I could tell you I'd look a spanner, so I shouldn't think I'd ever do it. But in this case, yeah, I'd do it: I can't see it, and my mates would just have to go with the flow, wouldn't they?

MARTIN ROSSITER, GENE

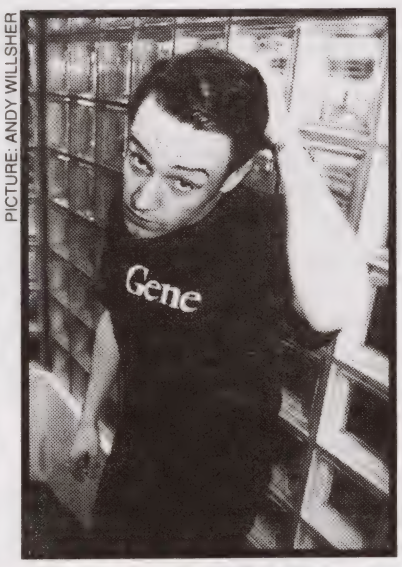
You return to your tent to find a tattooed ruffian asleep inside. Do you attempt to dismantle your tent around him or do you throw him out?
Ah, well, I think I would offer Option C. Being the well-prepared man that I am, I would, of course, have brought a spare tent along with me. I would erect it adjacent to where he was sleeping and make it look like a tattooist's stall. I would then lure him inside with the promise of, say, a free eagle on his left buttock, and then disable him by some foul chemical means. Then again, we could talk about pottery: various different wheels and clay. There is, in my experience, a quite huge pottery-tattoo axis. That sounds like a Fall song, doesn't it?

Yesterday, you bought a meal from 'Septic Ed's Cosmic Potato Bar', which disagreed with you in a most demonstrable manner. Today, you see Jim Kerr from Simple Minds ordering the same meal. Do you warn him? Or fetch a camera?
Now, if it was that demonstrable a complaint, I'd ideally like to throw up on him. I'd aim it in his direction, and hopefully get it in those tousled locks of his. I would approach him with a speech beginning "Jim, 'Don't You Forget About Me' is a modern-day classic", lull him into a false sense of security and then strike.

A weekend hippy has just undergone a spiritual transformation, and is giving away all his possessions. Do you grab as much as you can, or collect and return them later?
Obviously, I have an innate dislike of hippies, which is only logical. I would probably grab as much as I could, and then distribute it evenly among those not quite so stupid as the person you've described. I am, after all, the Robin Hood of pop. When it comes to taking on hippies, I quite fancy my chances – in fact, I'm quite eager to use a boxing analogy. Yes, we'll aim for a knockout in the fourth. That's it.

LOUISE WENER, SLEEPER

Rhino bloke approaches you and demands money for charidee. "Good cause," you think, "but I really fancy a ring-sting tostadilla". What do you do?
Have the tostadilla, of course, or get pissed enough so you could pick up some food someone's dropped and eat that. Glastonbury's a place for mindless hedonism, and if you see rhino bloke, you're likely to just think "You prat! Why don't you put on some sensible clothes?" There are people like that at college. There was one at ours who went round in morning dress all the time, and he just wanted a slap.



PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

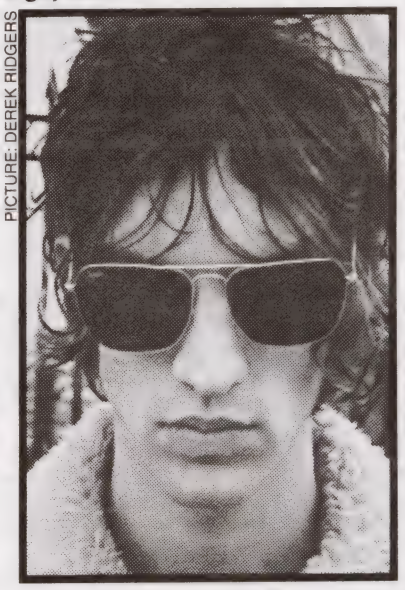
"Moral scruples? 'Aven't a clue!": Gene's Martin Rossiter

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Louise: slapper; (above) Supergrass: directionless; (below) Richard: come and have a go, etc...

The queue for the wind-assisted telephone is enormous. Do you whip out your mobile phone and look a RIGHT GET, do you continue to queue or do you hire it out at a profit?
Whip out your mobile. You don't want to have to queue with the plebs, do you? There's two sides to Glastonbury: there's hippies and mud, and then there's backstage passes and mobile phones. I could phone my mum and say "Help! Help! I'm surrounded by crusties!" I'm not a big crusty fan, really.

You buy a funky Jamiroquai hat and the vendor gives you too much change. Do you accept it, knowing you'll look a bit of a wanker or do you return the money?
You'd keep the money: you should always keep money that people undercharge you as a matter of principle. I used to work in Sainsbury's, and I'd undercharge these doddery old ladies. It was funny to see this sudden flash of realisation as they get what you're doing. But ultimately don't buy the hat, or the rhino man will be your friend.



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

RICHARD ASHCROFT, THE VERVE

You have lost your mates and met an arch-enemy in the bar. Do you make up because, after all, you know him or do you have a fight?
You just hit him, don't you? There's no need to run into your enemies at Glastonbury, not even if you've got 1,000. If I was to drift into the backstage area, I'd probably have 1,000 enemies myself. The other year we had a pitch on the main road in front of the main entrance and that kept our feet firmly on the ground. If I've got one complaint about Glastonbury, it's that the toilets are too clean. Nah, only joking.

You've got no medical training, but you do have a beard and a smart pair of moccasins. Do you nip up to the stone circle to heal people or do you get healed yourself?
Oh, you've gotta heal people. What I'm going to do this year is heal people of their tie-dye: I'm gonna go around with this black dye and chuck it over people I see wearing any. It's this disease: it started in '67, and people just need curing of it. It could be like this internal disorder: it just makes people throw up on their clothes. Festivals have got a lot to answer for in that area.

An amorous individual, ripped to the shins on drink and drugs, offers you unconditional freehold on their body. Do you decline, knowing their condition, or gleefully accept?
I'd definitely have to politely decline. For one thing, if I've been at Glastonbury for three days I don't think I'd be in a position to do anything about it at all. For another, if anyone offered me sex on Sunday night having seen the state of me, well, they'd have to be out of their minds. Altamont was the death of the dream of all that free love festival bit.

PAUL HARTNOLL, ORBITAL

You awake after four days of excess to find that you have a tattoo, where once you had none. Trouble is, you are a high-ranking Foreign Office official, and tattoos mean unemployment. Do you seek surgery, own up or start a new life?
Oh, new life, without a doubt: that sounds like a nightmare job. I've thought about getting a tattoo before, but I've always changed my mind. I'll have to

PEOPLE

wait until they invent holographic ones, and then I'll get a small window with clockworks inside. I've spotted a few fellers like that before. There was one who was like an Earl or something – he went to a few festivals and became like this bohemian king who wouldn't talk to his family anymore.

You pull. Yet pre-consummation, you find a chum going through some chemical unease. Do you help them chase off the monsters or disappear for pleasure with your young friend?
You owe it to your friend to talk him round. I've been in that situation and I just clung onto two people and said "Don't ask me where I want to go, just take me with you." I ended up going to the toilet and telling these two people to wait for me. While I was in there, I heard this Philip Glass music, and I just followed it like the Bisto Kid out of the toilet and into the cinema tent.

Disaster! A strike by The Association Of Vegetarian Food Vendors leaves you up lamb kebab creek without a paddle. Do you starve or go for a bacon roll?
No chance. I'd rather eat coal. I'd improvise: I'd order a hot dog without the hot dog, and a double cheeseburger without the double burger. There's always chips – so I'd probably end up with chips and coal. I spend about an hour at a time looking for food, so I'd still do that: go around the stalls, look for which ones have the best burgers, and then just have chips.

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

Paul Hartnoll: consumes coca coaler; (top right) Mathew Dodgy: no arsehole? How does he shit etcs

MATHEW PRIEST, DODGY

The people in the next tent are playing Dumpy's Rusty Nuts. Loudly. Do you request a change of artiste, a change in volume or take violent action?
I'd say "Good attitude – turn it up." If they're playing Dumpy's Rusty Nuts at Glastonbury, and some bloke comes round their tent and tells them to play it louder, then that's going to freak them right out, isn't it? But you don't go to Glastonbury for a bit of peace and quiet and a nice sleep, do you? You go for a bit of noise, to a place where there's not going to be any arseholes.

You are desperate to get on to the site. A bloke with a shovel has dug a tunnel, but can only get you, not your mates through before it

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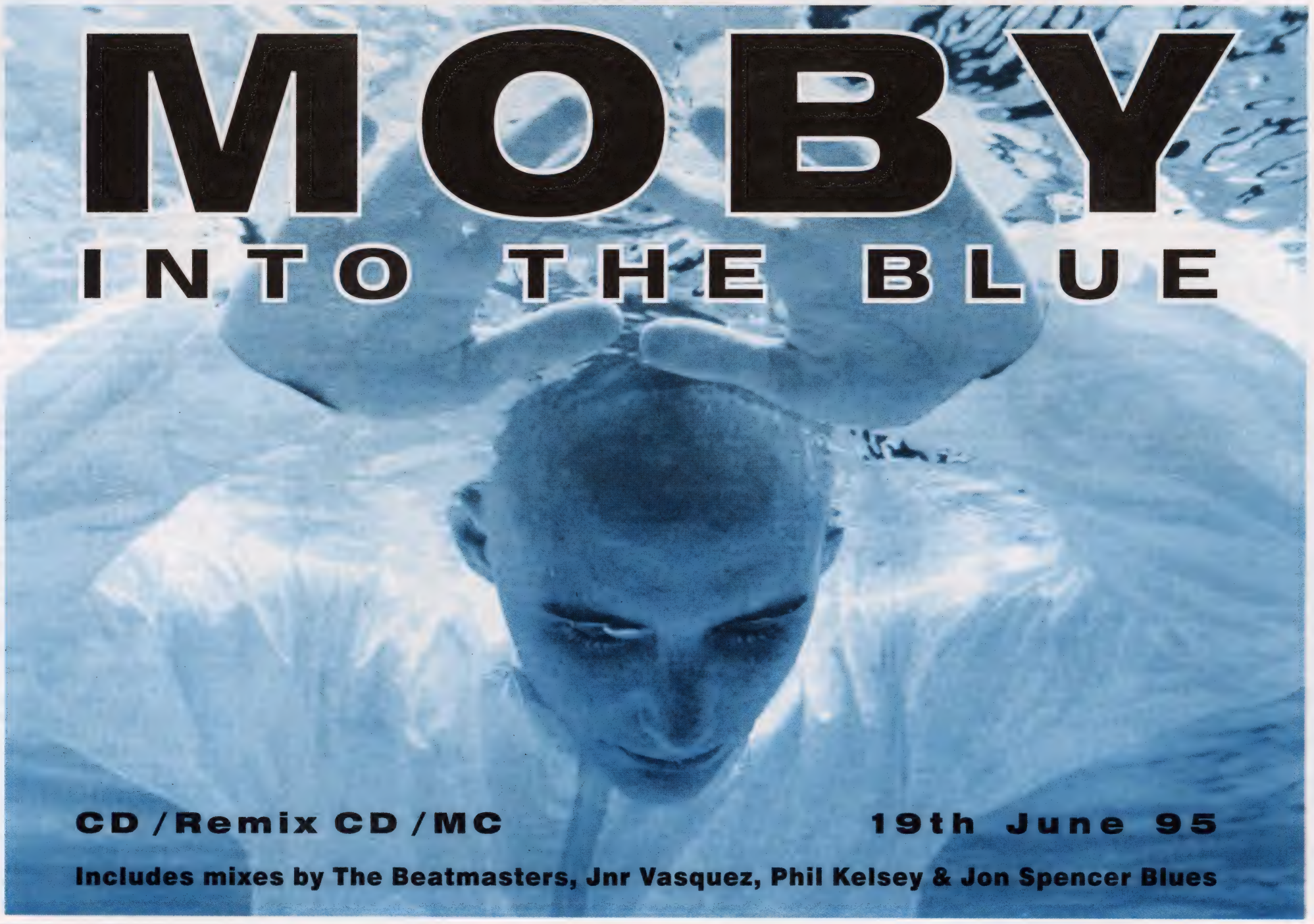
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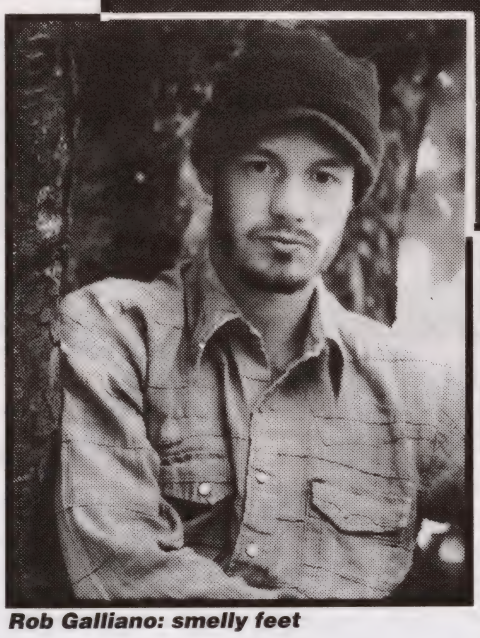
collapses. Do you stay or go?
You go to the main entrance and buy an armband off a bloke round there. People'll pay anything to get in, but anyone who really wants to get in should be able to manage it quite cheaply. I know this bloke who went down there with £14, bought an armband for a tenner, and managed to survive the rest of the time on four quid. Easy if you put your mind to it.

You have a minuscule quantity of bathroom tissue. Someone in grievous need pleads with you for it. Do you donate now and improvise later or do you hang on to it?
One has never been to the plebs' toilets. But if one had to, one would suggest a Dodgy Survival Kit, which has got a bog roll in it. Something you should remember: there's never anything as overrated as bad sex and as underrated as a good crap. No bog roll would really bring you down. Not as bad as falling into one of the pits where they put all the shit, though. That'd be the worst experience of your life, wouldn't it?

NASH KATO, URGE OVERKILL

You have impressed your new friends with your spirituality, but now it is time to leave. This means revealing you travelled to Glastonbury in your dad's Volvo Estate. Do you blow your cred and offer them a lift in the affluence wagon or hitch and send dad back for the car?
Definitely hitch. When it comes to the end of Glastonbury, you have to look for your car for about three days, so the best thing to do is find the vehicle that offers you space and jump in. This family picked me up at Glastonbury once while we were flying on drugs and they helped me find the car. We made three passes up this two-mile stretch of road: it's just that hallmark British hospitality that's extended to Americans. But otherwise, hitch. If you'd taken the acid we took, you wouldn't want to talk to dad.



PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

Rob Galliano: smelly feet

It is cold. You have both tent and blanket, but you spot a poor unfortunate with neither. Do you donate him your blanket, invite him to share your tent or pass on by?
I guess I'm the kind of guy that just doesn't notice people like that. I just notice the plate of Spam in front of my face and follow it, and maybe I'll notice, like, the hand that holds it. Guys like that just don't come into my scope, so this is, for me, a non-scenario. If it did happen, I'd try to help out, and give him my blanket, but don't they have an emergency station? I guess anyone attending a hippy festival would do what they could, wouldn't they?

Round the campfire, it is Bob Dylan sing-a-long time. You have previously claimed to be a Bob aficionado, but in fact only know one verse of 'Idiot Wind'. Do you fake a wrist injury, admit your guilt or play a non-Bob tune?
Aw, none of the above! I'd let the others jam on and say "Pardon me, but I think you kids have really got something here. I think you need a manager: that's me. And you need a lawyer – that's my brother-in-law Murray. Tell you what, I'll book some studio time. I'm hearing what we call hidden potential here." That's what I'd do, but then I've just given some drifter my blanket, so I'm f—ed anyway, right? I'm going to Glastonbury to lose myself and find another, ultimately.

ROB, GALLIANO

You are perusing the photos of your festival frolics. You find one, however, of a mate cavorting with someone they shouldn't. Do you destroy the evidence or shop them to their other halves?
Heh Heh Heh. Moral dilemmas of our time! We're gonna go for the blackmail option. I think because we're a morally upstanding bunch, we'd have to show the other halves the pictures: it's the only choice for a new generation. Nah, if you want a witty reply, I'll give Jarvis Cocker a bell and he'll have a chat with you, but otherwise it's just blackmail for us. That's a good slogan, innit? 'Blackmail: The Only Choice For A New Generation.'

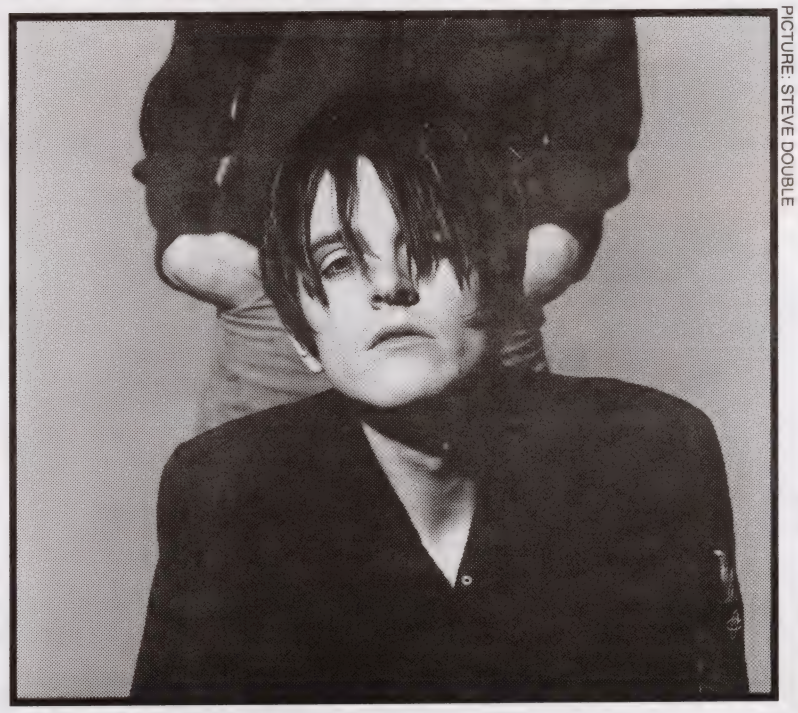
You are being blackmailed. The site's one clean toilet is being guarded by a seven-foot skinhead. Do you pay the admission he demands, insist on using the communal po or use the grim one next door?
Anyone who uses toilets at Glastonbury is a wimp. We shit on our feet – beat that! We've had some pretty bad toilet experiences, but the worst was when the keyboard player – the old one – fell in the toilet pit. In fact, he sort of dived in. Hur hur – did he fall, or was he pushed? Apparently Valerie (*another Galliano head*) holds hands with people and takes them into the toilets with her, but I'm not sure I should be divulging information like that. That's also a choice for a new generation, by the way.

If you find Nash Kato (above), help him stay lost; Tim (right) aspirin down khazi incident

You have travelled to Glasto with someone who, you suddenly realise, just wants to pretend to be a tree, while you want to watch some bands. Do you desert them or become a tree yourself?
You apply Ronseal to them and then leave them alone. But that'll probably end up being me. I'm a tree. When you're talking to the person, though, try to find out what sort of tree and what sort of wood he is, then you can use the right type of Ronseal. I spent nearly all my time up there in the top bit last year. I fell asleep and almost woke up in the fire. The mushrooms had made it seem quite a lot further away than it really was, I think. Just remembered: Anouska's Tea-tent, that's a great place to go to the toilet.

JOHNNY, MENSWEAR

You are watching *Reservoir Dogs* in the cinema tent. An unaccompanied child walks in. Do you let the nipper watch the gore or not?
I'd let it watch, but tell the child all the gore was only rubber, because I think it would be good to teach it to appreciate some of the skill that goes into the special effects. Somehow, though, I don't think the cinema tent will be on my personal agenda, and the only child I've got any experience of dealing with is (*Menswear 'guitarist'*) Chris. It's not one of my favourite things, really.



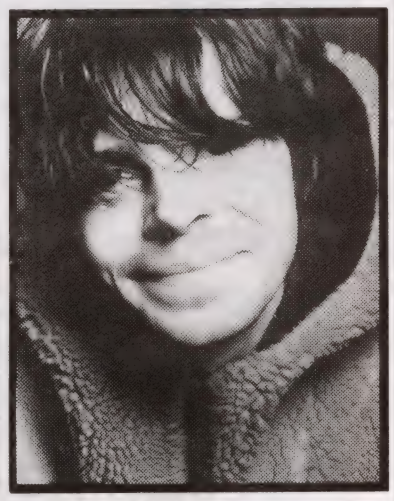
PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Johnny Menswear: nipper gore

You find a batch of equatorial activity granules suspiciously close to the police tent. Do you hand it in, fearing a set-up, keep it for your personal recreation or sell it?
I'd test it first. Who on? Chris, probably. He'll neck anything. And then I'd probably give it to one of our roadies to sell, taking a percentage. I have mixed feelings about festivals, and drugs don't really help you to have a good time. I prefer the alcohol side of things: you don't miss as much.

You have just seen the best band of your life. And it was Simple Minds. Do you tell your mates and walk home or keep quiet, although you're busting to tell them?
I'd probably give them some of the drugs I'd found first, if I had no option, but otherwise, I'd keep it secret. We're going to be playing this festival in Estonia and Simple Minds are playing too. We'll probably end up talking about hair-care products with them. Mind you, it could be pretty embarrassing if we put a mirror behind the audience and watched ourselves.

TIM BURGESS, THE CHARLATANS



PICTURE: STEFAN DE BATSELIER

Your tent is stolen on Saturday. You are offered a lift back. Do you accept the lift and miss the Sunday or do you 'rave' the night away?
Aw, try and find some pills, desperate. You wouldn't wanna go home, would you? Obviously you'd be a bit upset if you were into all that possessions and stuff, but I've never had my tent nicked or anything. It blew away once, but that wasn't at a festival. That was with my mum and dad on holiday in Llandudno.

You drop your 'drinks' down the Rick Witter. Do you claim they are heart medication so someone gets them out or offer them a couple of these 'drinks' to look for them?
I dropped one down the toilet the other day in Nottingham. It just fell down there, and I just thought "F— it, I've gotta get it!". So I went and dug it out, and it just sort of… disintegrated in my hand. It looked all right – perfectly shaped an' that, but it just fell apart. But if there's like 15 or 16, and they were in a bag, then yeah, I'd get someone to get them. There's two in the house somewhere. Dare say I'll stumble on them one day.

You have a crap view of The Stone Roses (*Like no view at all – Ed*). Do you pretend to be carrying a firearm and hope the crowd will clear or grin and bear it?
Aw yeah, real bullets, totally. You've gotta try and get up the front, haven't you? Last time I saw them was in Manchester ages ago, so I'm really up for it. We're playing on the Sunday, though, so I don't know what's going on. Don't know whether they'll let us in.

I'VE GOT WE

● You're a former gangster/mugger wannabe, friends from your days living in Miami are dead from crack, you live in a North London tower block and jungle is your chosen genre. What the *hell* are you doing at Glastonbury? GOLDIE may be all these things, but that's what makes him more likely to survive the Glasto experience than IAN McCANN. Plates: DEREK RIDGERS

The new black Mercedes pulls up outside the North London council block. Years ago it would have been incongruous for an owner of a car like this to live here, now the image somehow fits.

The car deposits a new urban hero onto the street. One of the new working-class black élite, a musician, although not of the sort that even his equivalent of ten years ago would recognise. An artist with a spray can and a mind full of tunes. Someone who grew up rough, spent time in care, ran with the bad boys in Miami and yet has somehow emerged, not so much unscathed, but wiser.

You'd recognise Goldie anywhere, even if you'd never seen a photograph: gold hair cropped into a shape like a rib-cage, hard brown face illuminated by his astonishing golden eyes and an array of gold teeth set with diamonds. His dentist must cost a fortune. But Goldie can probably afford it.

This morning Goldie is accompanied by his spar and manager Trenton, a beefy guy with a ready grin and a certain cool confidence. The pair head up in the council block's lift to some unnatural height to be greeted by Goldie's dog, Massive, a muscular, beefier than Bovril animal.

Up here, Goldie seems closer to Heaven but also, on seeing the city spread out below, perhaps somehow closer to Hell. It's almost biblical. There it is, tempts the Devil, laid out in front of you like an invitation to get down amongst it and cause mayhem. It's a come-on, a line that might make an ambitious person turn ruthless. All this could be yours if... Goldie is somehow protected against this, as his track 'Saint Angel' implies. He's had his temptations, yet he's still here. Goldie puts on a test CD for his 'Timeless' album, and Metalheads' 'Inner City Life' bursts around the room. The perfect mid-'90s concrete anthem.

Inner city life. Breakbeat. Fast cars. Tough dogs. A past that is reputedly, in the old reggae term, a jungle of crime including shooters, deals and the entire youth most likely to die trip. The whole of Goldie's work and life seems to revolve around urban existence. And yet, in a week or so, Goldie will be in the middle of a huge field, confronted by almost every alternative and hippieish music fan in the country. How on Earth, you wonder, will this concrete castle king cope with playing at the annual green fayre that is Glastonbury?

THERE'S MUCH about the Goldie Presents Metalheads' album, 'Timeless', that even the most traditional, dyed-in-the-wool MOR rock fan could understand. Even, eventually, love. Some have called it 'ambient jungle', a term that provokes a disdainful sneer from Goldie.

Those rising psychedelic slide guitars like Syd Barrett aren't inspired by The Orb or The KLF's 'Chill Out', but the original article. The whirling, repetitious keyboard licks are not entirely from techno, but perhaps a little from The Who's 'Baba O'Riley'. Unlikely bedfellows for the other, perhaps more expected, elements in Goldie's mix, such as

"Anyone in Massive Attack could tell you I used to walk around Bristol with a long overcoat and a sawn-off. Tryin' to give it the big 'un, I was a c—."

Precious metalhead Goldie

the simplified Barry White piano riff in 'Sensual', or Diane Charlemagne's soul vocals, but Goldie rejects the hardcore, purist approach. He grew up listening to all kinds of music. Why shouldn't he use all of it when he comes to making his own?

Goldie sits on a floor cushion. Behind him, there's a window giving a panoramic view of seething London. Around the room, there's Goldie's graffiti on canvas – three-dimensional tags, a stunning, angular self-portrait. Trenton and Massive have vanished somewhere, leaving Goldie free to allow his staccato voice to chase ideas and memories, a sound only interrupted by the occasional purring of the fax/answerphone.

"When I was in care there was this guy called Chris who helped sort me out. Chris was into Pink Floyd, all that shit. One day we drove down to Devon and listened to the 'Sergeant Pepper' album on the way. I got right into it. You wouldn't believe what I got into man, endless styles. F—in' The Who mate. I was bang on The Who. Then punk. Buzzcocks, Stranglers, Squeeze, PiL. Anyone who grew up in the UK was given a spectrum of music and I just take on that spectrum. I wouldn't be who I am or making the kind of music I do without it."

Within black and dance music circles it's very unfashionable to admit to liking pop music. It's far more credible to pretend to be more hardcore than everyone else, as if pop music never touched your life...

"Yeah, but that's not understanding the force of pop music. When it first come out it was a rebellious music. A youth music like breakbeat is now. I remember when I was in a home where kids all went out and bought seven-inch records and they all kept them in their lockers. Then we'd all have 15 minutes each to play 'em on the record player. I'd play Stevie Wonder, some guy'd go and play The Specials, someone'd play 'Hotel California', and I remember when Gerry Rafferty was lickin' down with two licken..."

From those roots, which also presumably included reggae since he was a locked-up youth, Goldie got into the soul all-dayers, soaking up acts like Maze and Change, feeling "proud about Loose Ends because they were British", wandering into the jazz rooms "for a bit of that New York vibe" and hanging out with Massive when they were The Wild Bunch. Goldie could talk for hours about his influences, offering an honourable mention to Massive Attack's 3-D, because "that's who I started off doing grafitti with".

So perhaps the urban nightmare youth grew up with a lot that his Glastonbury audience could identify with. Britain is a multi-cultural society. Goldie, unlike many, isn't ignoring that fact.

He has nothing but disdain for the artist as inspired dreamer, with art as lucky fluke. That's partly why he loathes the term ambient jungle. "I never called it that," he snaps. If his work has a dream-like quality well, that's the way it is, but it still kicks down the doors, as breakbeat must. To call it ambient is to ignore the R&B, the funk, the Rastafari roots, the unexpected rock that informs it.

"I don't wanna hear all this

"When I was in a home we'd all have 15 minutes each on the record player. I'd play Stevie Wonder, some guy'd go and play The Specials, someone'd play 'Hotel California', I remember when Gerry Rafferty was lickin' down with two licken..."

(adopts precious American accent) 'I fell asleep on the desk and dreamed this track'. It's a load of bollocks. It's gotta be concept-driven. You can't just dream it! The album ain't about being so f—in' brand nubian you don't know what time it is. It's about the past ten years of my life. My music is me, it's the last ten years of my life."

And also a shorter period of time. 'Timeless' is almost like Metalheads' Greatest Hits, with tunes like 'You And Me', 'Adrift' and 'Angel' around on metal 'pan' for a year or two, if you knew where to hear them. Goldie's fought hard to get to this point of near-supremacy within breakbeat. That's why he was so down on the whole General Levy/'Incredible' situation back when jungle first started to go 'legal' last year.

"You can't stop music from becoming popular. And in the end the 'Incredible' saga did open a lot of people's eyes to the music. It wasn't right as regards the f—in' props *(respect, doing things the proper way)* but it wasn't a bad thing in itself, looking back on it. But why I was angry about it was it was done the wrong way: some geezer coming out giving it the big 'un, and not giving props to the people where it was derived from, simple as that."

But Levy is a chatter, an MC. A chatter has always got to 'big up themselves'. "Yeah, but give it the big 'un in your genre, but not in a genre you haven't come out of. Give the props to the people who made this music work. The DJs. The *dee-jays* made this f—in' music work, not the MCs."

Goldie's struggle has also made him sound like the typical self-made man at times. He's seen hard times but has succeeded. He has little time for those whom he believes can't be bothered to struggle.

"All these people down on the subway playing their guitars thinking they're poor, well don't f—in' tell me that, get a job mate. The social security's givin' it away. I knew people in Miami who genuinely couldn't get a job, who didn't stand a chance but over here it's different. It's there if you want to work hard.

"I studied hard to get my skills *(meaning his art talent)*. My skills was my hands, I ain't got no brain. I got thrown out my maths exam, I trashed my English exam – I got a 'D' – the only thing I got was CSE grade one art. I was the fool in the class. I was the one who made people laugh. I was the one who took my dick out to the RE teacher. They threw me out, I was banned from school, suspended. I didn't care. They made me wear a uniform, I was conditioned to it. I was the only geezer in the school who wore a uniform, I felt like a right prick. I been through the whole rigmarole. I got called a Paki at school because of my skin colour. I'm proud of having come through all that though. I'm proud of where I come from."

Goldie's parentage is, incidentally, a Jamaican dad and a Scots mum.

WITH GOLDIE the most obvious conclusions are deceptive. It might be a huge creature, but Massive, Goldie's dog, is more likely named after the street term 'massive', meaning a posse. The dog is part of Goldie's crew, a wised-up friend to be trusted.

Goldie's own *nom-de-tune* isn't from the most likely derivation, those teeth. It dates from the time when he emerged from care as a youth and returned to a family and friends in Wolverhampton to find everyone had 'knotted up'. Goldie grew his dreads and they contrasted with that golden skin and eyes. He became Goldielocks.

Metalheads is the name of Goldie's 'group' and, as Metalheadz, his label. The handle, coined by legendary breakbeat DJ Grooverider, also doesn't refer to his teeth, but simply the breakbeat dance scene's obsession with dub-plates, the metal acetates that carried Goldie's work to his devoted audience for years before the 'straight' world noticed him.

Goldie's supposed gangster past isn't all that it might be. At 27 he was held up at gunpoint by a 14-year-old in Miami's fleamarkets. "You don't say, 'Look mate, I'm 27 and you're only 14, have some respect', that's for sure."

Goldie's against crack, having observed what it did to friends in Miami. The term 'music for crack-heads', a typically wide-of-the-mark assessment by Malcolm McLaren, really rankles with Goldie. But Goldie makes no secret of his own drug use, again drawing a parallel between past youth culture and the present.

"I smoke weed and I take Es, but I don't have as many Es as I used to. I think the euphoria of the music was really strong a few years ago but, because the production of the music has moved on, I don't really need drugs to listen to this music. But if I didn't listen to this music under the influence of drugs, I don't think I would have got into the full dimensions of the music.

"I'm not saying to people 'go out and take drugs', but I believe it does give me something else. It's the same as people who went out and dropped acid in the '70s: their whole perception of life changed. You experience it and stay out on the edge, but it's about drug use and not drug abuse."

Goldie believes that drugs, however, have helped "crush a lot of young people's tolerance", meaning being burnt out before you've had a chance to live and find out about yourself. Interestingly, he reckons that the rave culture helped maintain a resistance against crack in Britain: when crack first came over from America, Britain had its own, very different, drug culture. "People don't wanna go out and rave on crack," he shrugs, cheerful at this happy accident.

GOLDIE'S WELL-documented period as a trainee mugger in Wolverhampton is only part of his story. The ghost of his past haunts several cities.

"I was trying to give it the large one, seven years ago," he says, drily. "Anyone in Massive Attack could tell you I used to walk around Bristol with a long overcoat and a sawn-off. Tryin' to give it the big 'un, I was a c—. I was poncing it, being a c—. Giving it the big 'un. Three-five Rover SE, no tax or insurance, sheepskin coat, locks, bluesin' it out. But the artist in me said, 'Look, this ain't for you'. Then I turned around and asked myself what I was trying to do. It saved me, man. Saved me from dyin'.

"Me and my brother used to go out and try to mug old ladies, and it'd be my turn to go and do it. I'd walk across Heath Town *(in Wolverhampton)* and they'd be watching me from a balcony. I'd see two grannies and I'd walk behind them. And on the other side of the road me brother'd be going, 'Come on then! What y'doin'? Walkin' 'em f—in' home?' I couldn't do it.

"The first time I did it I felt guilty that night. I'd lose sleep. I thought, 'What happens if she fell over and f—in' died?' I see now on the news that some 15-year-old breaks into a flat and caves an old lady's head open for £2.50 because he couldn't find her stash. Nice one. Nice one matey. My music comes out of all that, my social conditioning. My shit is real. I don't care what anyone says. I couldn't give a f— mate."

Far from celebrating his dubious past, Goldie simply says: "I've got to live with it. It's on your conscience." And beyond that, he wonders about conscience as a concept, launching into a long ramble about why people feel guilty, which takes in everything from unarmed British drummers marching to their deaths in battle in the Napoleonic wars to the media offering everyone so much information that you can't do anything without feeling worried about it. Those marching drummers weren't aware of the agonies of death and believed there was a Heaven anyway. Now, everyone's living room electronics can offer six million ways to die, choose one, and can discuss the likelihood of death being the end, period, rather than the doorway to paradise. Goldie's thought about it all. For one who "ain't got no brain" he does a more than passable impression of a rational, intellectual being.

His art saved him, carrying him to a level above the gangster notoriety he originally craved. Like his original spray can partner, 3-D, he has moved onto music, although his painting still comes through in a track like 'Still Life': the sound is so cleverly layered it's almost visual, evoking chiefly urban landscapes, even if 'Still Life' will probably be interpreted by certain rude parties as a stilled life – death.

Goldie believes in his art to the extent that, given the choice of having to lose his hearing or his vision, he would wave goodbye to his ears. "I know how to make music," he says, finding a way around the dilemma. "I can hear it in my head, I know the breaks and where to loop them, so I could still do it. Once you've made thought of the concept and outlined the track in your head and told the engineer, the track's done. You've just got to execute it then."

By the time he started to make music, Goldie already knew how to execute his outlines in art. He can now do that with music. Between the two of them, music and painting have stilled, or at least channelled, his youthful fury.

"I feel I've got it off my chest now, all that suppression and aggression."

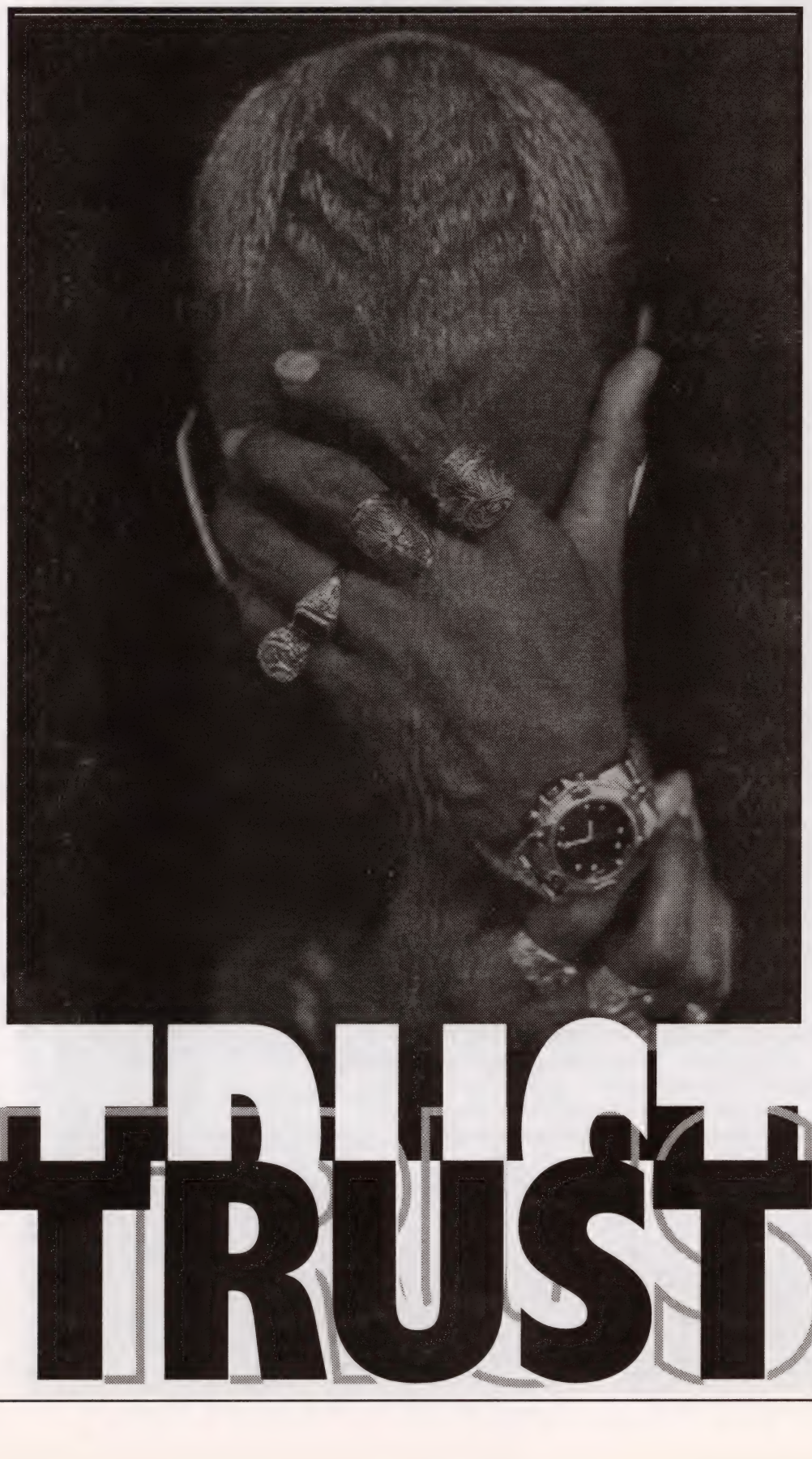
Goldie looks relieved. Massive has come back into the room and looks agreeably up at his master.

GLASTONBURY SHOULDN'T prove too great a culture shock for the new urban hero. He went through the raves and has seen the way his music has dropped with a huge crowd of kids in the middle of nowhere before.

"I'm gonna deal with it," he says. "'Timeless' is pretty old now. 'You And Me' is even older. But those tracks never got their day when they were made. The influence of the drugs that those tracks were made on, and if I know what those kids will be buzzin' on..." Goldie laughs.

"You tap in. That's what it's about, tapping into the people."

Goldie laughs again, a sane, healthy, hearty kind of laugh, grown out of a mad, wild life.



innersphere

OUT OF BODY

Available on SABRETTES RECORDS
12 JUNE 1995

Taken from the **INNERSPHERE** album **'OUTER WORKS'**

12.1 **ALBUM** VERSION
ANDREW WEATHERALL MIX

12.2 **ORB** MIX
QUAD-3 MIX

CD **RADIO** EDIT
ALBUM VERSION
ANDREW WEATHERALL MIX
QUAD-3 MIX
ALTERNATIVE ORB MIX

SABRECCES

HILLAGE PEOPLE

It may be acceptable, fashionable even, to nip a mobile phone out of your pocket when you're round at Scanner's house.

But in the 'relaxation room' of Youth's Butterfly Studios, where professional crusties drape themselves around the furniture discussing philosophy and the price of mushrooms surrounded by exotic wall hangings and spiritually enriching drapes, it's a distinct bummer.

Of course, no-one's told **STEVE HILLAGE**. Crouched in the corner of the South London studio's chill out space, he's excitedly making plans on his Cellnet with all the enthusiasm of a five-year-old hurriedly assembling a plane kit on Christmas morning.

But then it's some toy he's been given to play with. Only a stage at Glastonbury – the dance stage, of course – and the chance to organise two whole days (the Friday's been given over to Massive Attack) of the best live techno acts and DJs he can find. And he's not done badly either, even if he says so himself.

Steve Hillage and Miquette: Misbehave at Glastonbury and 16 years later they invite you back

"I think the line-up's brilliant," he says later, sitting in the more serene surroundings of Butterfly's immaculate gardens. "Of the five best live acts in this field we've got three – Eat Static, us (*Steve and wife Miquette's System 7 outfit*) and The Drum Club, and in Richie Hawtin, Darren Emerson and Carl Cox we've got three of the best DJs in the world. It's probably about the best line-up anyone's ever seen on one stage."

These 'building blocks', as Steve calls them, are the basis around which he, Miquette, Pressure Of Speech's Mickey Mann and the Megadog team assembled a line-up. It's also his defence against reasonable claims that the bill is too centred around straightforward techno – jungle and trip-hop get barely a look in, for starters.

"We'd need five days to fit everybody in," Miquette adds. "Or three stages, one for techno and two more for everything else," suggests Steve. "What basically sold Glastonbury the idea was live dance music, and all the top live acts at the moment seem to play techno. If you just had a token jungle act you'd lose the flow, that seamless quality between the DJs and the bands."

Ah yes, the DJs. Like at most festivals, the DJs at past Glastos have been there to fill the gaps between the bands and read out messages about lost kiddies. Not any more, apparently.

"I've tried to make sure the DJs are properly represented – most of them are getting an hour and in the context of an event centred around live music, that's not bad," says Steve. "There is this feeling that live music's the thing and that we're all – even in techno – rock'n'roll bands now, but I think that's treachery. A seamless join between groups and DJs is what we want."

It seems everyone wants to have a pop at Glasto, particularly within the dance community, which has been scantily represented in the past, if at all. Because if the musical spread of the Glasto bill has caused rumblings, you can bet the strict midnight curfew will provoke even more moans. Steve sympathises, but feels it's absolutely vital that techno is represented this year. And if that means co-operating and turning the sound system off when the bell tolls midnight, he's prepared to do it.

"We're talking about a major stage and major noise here, not like the ghetto blaster we had to use at Phoenix," he counters, "and the major stages have to end at midnight. Before you even think about getting involved you have to take that for granted."

Steve knows this from bitter experience – way back in 1979, when he was deeply involved in the organisation of Glastonbury, he was unceremoniously booted offstage for letting his headline slot run over time. He hadn't spoken to owner Michael Eavis since until he wrote to him last year – after difficulties with Phoenix's techno tent – and offered to put together a dance line-up for the event.

"I've been through all this with Michael Eavis before," says Hillage, looking suitably world weary and wise. "I had a personal disaster based on this whole question; that's one of the reasons he asked me to put it together, because he knew I understood the problems now. Either you accept it or you don't participate."

Bolstered by the success of the Tribal Gathering – and fired by the prospect of travelling to Detroit immediately after Glasto to record with Carl Craig and Kenny Larkin – Hillage acts like a man renewed or spiritually reawakened.

"I seriously believe we're witnessing the birth of a new kind of event," he says, innocently unaware of the grandiose nature of his claims. "The raves couldn't carry on as they were and the old festivals needed shaking up too."

Whether Glasto '95 ends up a cultural watershed or just a good excuse to hear some seriously loud techno, one thing's for sure, it'll be the party of the year. It always is, curfew or no curfew.

Ben Willmott

THAT GLASTONBURY DANCE STAGE LINE-UP IN FULL:

FRIDAY: Massive Attack Sound System.

SATURDAY: Michael Dog, Higher Intelligence Agency, Autechre, Fluke, DJ Evolution, Innersphere, DJ Rein, Spooky, David Holmes, System 7, Richie Hawtin, Eat Static, Darren Emerson.

SUNDAY: Mickey Mann, Pressure Of Speech, Mixmaster Morris, Tribal Drift, Paul Hartnoll, The Aloof, Depth Charge, Dread Zone, Stuart Orde, Kenny Larkin, Darren Emerson, Plastikman, Charlie Hall, The Drum Club, Carl Cox.

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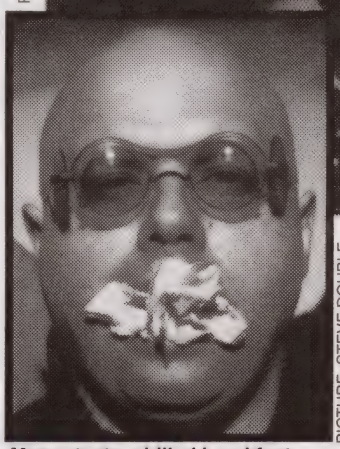
SOUNDSCAPE GARDENERS

We know about the bands, but who are the mysterious chaps with headphones and boxes full of exotic vinyl that'll be entertaining us over the **GLASTO** weekend? **BEN WILLMOTT** investigates...

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Richie Hawtin: plastik from Detroit



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Mann: tasty, chilled breakfast

MICKEY MANN

Baldheaded honcho of ambi-techno freak-out meisters Pressure Of Speech, Mann also doubles as Orbital's chief engineer; lined up for Sunday morning's ambient breakfast, his chilling, paranoia-infused ambience should be just about right for that magic 72-hours-without-sleep moment.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything scary.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: 'Heaven Is A Place On Earth' by Belinda Carlisle – he's probably sick to death of it after the last Orbital tour.

PAUL HARTNOLL

The hairy one out of Orbital, Paul's sets at Phoenix and Megadog last year helped introduce jungle to the great unwashed techno masses. Rumour has it that he's on a bit of an easy listening tip at the moment, so don't forget your smoking jacket.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Some juicy new Orbital material.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: Orbital's punk pastiche 'Crash And Carry' – way too heavy for a Sunday afternoon.

MICHAEL DOG

The crusties' fave and one of the prime Megadog movers, Michael's played nearly every one of the 'Dog bashes. Trancey techno's his speciality, although a bit of trip-hop doesn't go amiss either.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything on Planet Dog.

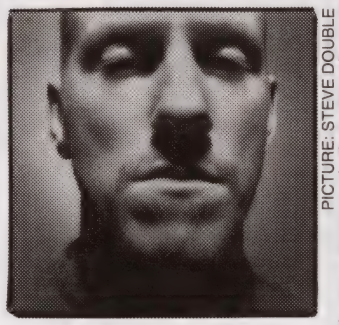
LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything DJ Fistf— – bad vibes man.

DAVID HOLMES

Mates with Weatherall, Orbital, The Chemical Brothers and everyone else it seems, Holmes may have quietened down a bit on his new LP 'This Film's Crap, Let's Slash The Seats', but behind the decks he's still a prowling beast in search of the hardest thumping house going.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Exploding Plastic Inevitable white labels.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: 'Top '70s Film Soundtracks Vol 2'



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Holmes: elementary beats

RICHIE HAWTIN

Hawtin aka Plastikman returns after his triumphant Tribal Gathering double whammy; expect the funkiest Detroit techno and a bit of metallic cyber disco to boot.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Turph's 'Trajectory Infinite' on his Probe label.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything you recognise.

DEPTH CHARGE

Only a man who took five years of smoking and TV watching to make his first album could make up for The Stone Roses' disappearance. If he makes it there of course.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Something to give you the giggles.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything too fast to dance to in your mid-afternoon stupor.

DARREN EMERSON

The king of trance and ever-loveable cheeky chappie of the Underworld posse, Emerson's more than adept at rousing the most lethargic of crowds into a decadent frenzy of techno stomping.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Some of the plethora of Underworld mixes about to emerge.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything too slow to dance to in your got-my-second-wind-now state of euphoria.

MIXMASTER MORRIS

The only man on site who'll have been up longer than you, Morris has branched out from his pure ambient phase into an all embracing eclecticism that's most in tune with the Glasto vibe.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: A nice bit of ambient jungle.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: 'Bomber' by Motorhead.

CHARLIE HALL

After splitting with their label Big Life, the Drummies have kept busy with a new label (MC Projects) and club (the splendid Bug), as well as Charlie's DJ stints across the world.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything on MC Projects.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything on Big Life.

CARL COX

Populist rave king whose harder-than-nails techno sets are not for the sensitive of mind.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Louder and faster than anyone else.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: In the Green Field.

STUART ORDE

Half of Glasgow's respected Slam duo, Orde's got a taste for both hard but funky techno and house from trendy American labels and more populist tunes.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Something off Slam's *Vibes* SOTW double pack 'Snapshots'.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: 'Donald Where's Yer Troosers'

DJ EVOLUTION

An underground techno jock of some repute, he rounded off the *NME Vibes* night earlier this year with a rousing, come-on-it's-not-long-'til-sunrise set. Don't expect anything less energetic at Glasto just because he's playing half way through Saturday afternoon.

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: All night, given half the chance.

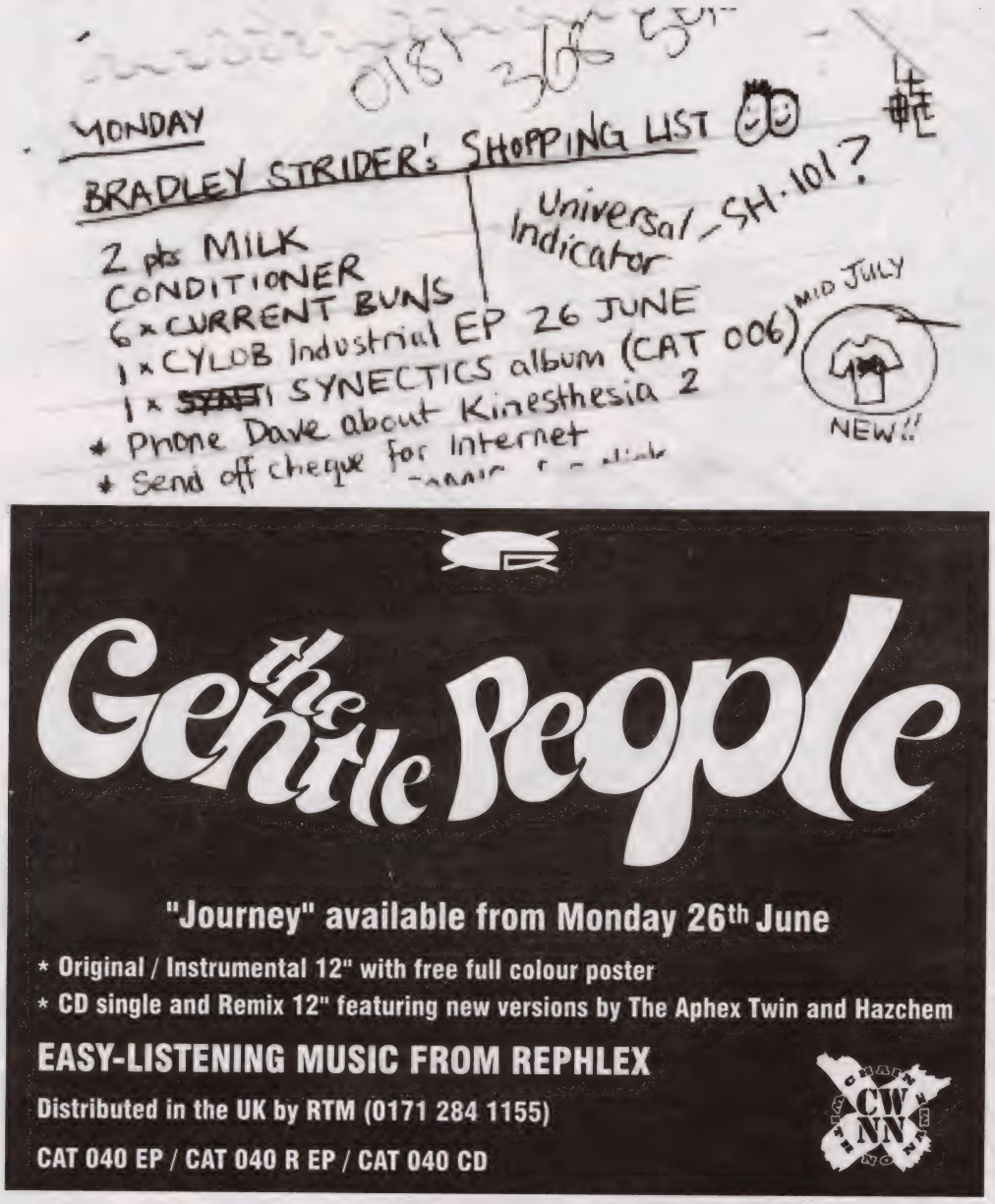
LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: Fluffy Orb remixes.

DJ REIN

In his native Holland, Rein and his band Quazar are as popular as Orbital, System 7 et al; their ear splitting melting pot of rave, (very) hard techno and the occasional hardcore touch may go over the heads of Britain's more tribal techno tastes, but hey, this is Glasto and anything goes, right?

MOST LIKELY TO PLAY: Anything on Dutch acid label D-Jax. Speeded up, natch.

LEAST LIKELY TO PLAY: The Gentle People.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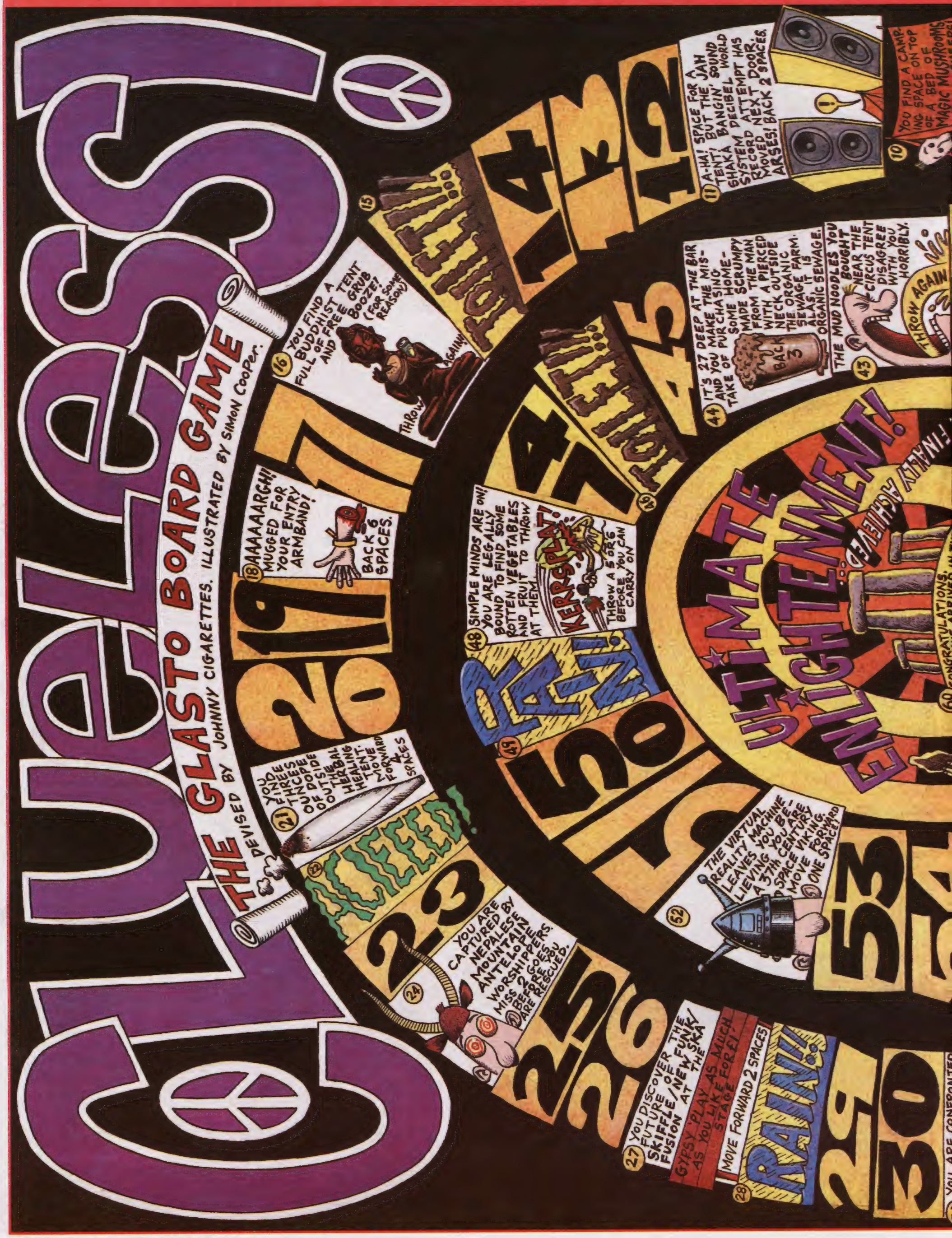
"WHY ARE we here?" This is the question numerous people will ask you as you wander aimlessly round the Green Field trying to get out of earshot toilet roll. But we can show you the way. Just pick whichever of the five Glasto stereotypes most closely fits your personality, not that it makes an free environs of Glasto, so remember to take one there before 'hand'. The rest should be self-explanatory, except for the 'TOILET!' 'ACIEED!' and 'R


GLASTO
THE GLASTO BOARD GAME
DEVISED BY JOHNNY CIGARETTES. ILLUSTRATED BY SIMON COOPER.
TOILET!
TOILET!
TOILET!
TOILET!
ACIEED!
ACIEED!
ULTIMATE ENLIGHTENMENT!
FINALLY ACHIEVED!
15
16 YOU FIND A BUDDHIST TENT FULL OF FREE GRUB AND BOOZE! (FOR SOME REASON) THROW AGAIN
11 A-HA! SPACE FOR A JAH BUT THE BANGIN' SOUND TENT! SHAKA WORLD DECIBEL SYSTEM ATTEMPT HAS RECORD NEXT DOOR. MOVED BACK 2 SPACES! ARSES!
10 YOU FIND A CAMPING SPACE ON TOP OF A BED OF MAGIC MUSHROOMS
44 IT'S 27 DEEP AT THE BAR AND YOU MAKE THE MISTAKE OF PURCHASING SOME HOME-MADE SCRUMPY FROM THE MAN WITH A PIERCED NECK OUTSIDE THE ORGANIC SEWAGE FARM. ALAS IT IS ORGANIC SEWAGE. BACK 3
43 YOU BOUGHT MUD NOODLES NEAR THE CIRCUS TENT DISAGREE WITH YOU HORRIBLY. THROW AGAIN
18 AAAAARGH! MUGGED FOR YOUR ENTRY ARMBAND! BACK 6 SPACES.
21 YOU FIND THREES OUTSIDE THE TENT OF HERBAL HEALING. MOVE FORWARD 4 SPACES
22
23
24 YOU ARE CAPTURED BY NEPALESE MOUNTAIN WORSHIPPERS. MISS 2 GOES BEFORE YOU ARE RESCUED.
48 SIMPLE MINDS ARE ON! YOU ARE LEGALLY BOUND TO FIND SOME ROTTEN VEGETABLES AND FRUIT TO THROW AT THEM
KERR-PLAT!
THROW A 5 OR 6 BEFORE YOU CAN CARRY ON
49
52 THE VIRTUAL REALITY MACHINE LEAVES YOU BELIEVING YOU ARE A 37TH CENTURY SPACE VIKING. MOVE FORWARD ONE SPACE!
53
27 YOU DISCOVER THE FUTURE OF SKIFFLE/NEW FUNK FUSION AT THE GYPSY 'PLAY AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE FOR £1' STAGE. MOVE FORWARD 2 SPACES
28 RAIN!
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Game of Die Toten Hosen's set. The answer is very simple – you are an earth traveller on the endless quest for ultimate spiritual enlightenment. And dry difference to the game, and set off on your righteous quest. Obviously, you'll need a DICE. This may be very difficult to come by in the civilisation-IN!' squares, upon which you should consult the section 'A Bit Of Insight' at the bottom of the board. MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!

START HERE

YOU ARE A CULTURALLY ALIENATED PIECE OF HUMAN FLOTSAM ADRIFT ON A SEWAGE STREAM OF APATHY AND DAYTIME TV. BUT ULTIMATE ENLIGHTENMENT COULD BE YOURS. STEP THIS WAY!

1 THUMB A LIFT TO THE FESTIVAL... THROW A 2, 4, OR 6 TO GET A LIFT. THEN MOVE FORWARD 6

2 YOU CADGE A LIFT WITH YOUR RICH MATE IN THEIR RENAULT CLIO. CARAMBA! FORWARD 5 SQUARES.

3 YOU OWN A RENAULT CLIO AND CAN AFFORD TO DRIVE YOURSELF TO THE FESTIVAL. YARIBA! FORWARD 4 SQUARES.

4 YOU ARE FORCED TO GET A COACH FROM THE EXCRUCIOR OFFICE BEHIND TRAVEL STATION. IT BREAKS DOWN JUST OUTSIDE SWINDON. THROW A 3 TO MOVE 3 SPACES OR YOU'RE STUCK!

5 YOU GET A TRAIN AND END UP AT CASTLE UP AT RAILWAY STATION. BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO GET TO THE SITE. MISS A GO BEFORE MOVING FORWARD 2 SQUARES

6 YOU CLIMB OVER THE FENCE LIKE ANY OTHER SENSIBLE PERSON. MOVE FORWARD 3 SQUARES

7 WELCOME TO GLASTO!

8 A JOBSWORTH SECURITY OFFICIAL ON LOAN FROM SHEPTON MALLET AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE BARS YOUR ENTRY FOR NO APPARENT REASON. MISS A GO!

9 FORWARD 3 SPACES

40 YOU PROCURE SOME Es. THROW A 1, 2, 3 OR 4 TO ENSURE THAT THEY AREN'T ELEPHANT TRANQUILISERS. THEN MOVE FORWARD 5

41

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43 THE STONE ROSES DECIDE THEY CAN'T BE ARSED TO TURN UP. BACK 2 SPACES.

44 JUGGLING SQUAD. BACK 2 SPACES. TO RUN AWAY

45 YOU EAT SOME 'HIGHLY MATURE' GOAT'S CHEESE IN A VEGETARIAN FAIRY CAKE IN THE GREEN FIELD AND START HALLUCINATING ABOUT BEING A 20 FOOT TALL UNICORN. RIPPER! FORWARD 6 SPACES!

46 YOU ARE FORCED TO JOIN A GROUP OF CHANTING DRUIDS FROM WESTON-SUPER-MARE IN ORDER TO FRAUDULENTLY OBTAIN ENTRY TO THE STONE CIRCLE. MISS A GO THEN GO FORWARD 5 SPACES.

47 ACIEEED!

48 YOU INEXPLICABLY FIND YOURSELF APPROACHING TOTAL STRANGERS AND TELLING THEM "YOU'RE ACE, YOU ARE, I'VE ALWAYS REALLY RESPECTED YOU. ARE YOU COMING UP YET?" MISS TWO GOES, THEN GO FORWARD 3 SPACES

49 DURING THE HEADY, LOVED UP HEIGHTS OF FREAK POWERS SET AT THE JAZZ STAGE, YOU FALL INTO THE ARMS OF THE NEAREST FELLOW RAVER. MISS A GO WHILE YOU HAVE AWKWARD INTERCOURSE IN A DITCH. THEN GO FORWARD 2 SPACES

50 YOU ACCIDENTLY STUMBLE ACROSS THE SHORT CUT TO THE STONE CIRCLE (THROUGH THE GAP IN THE HEDGE, THROUGH THE 'UNICYCLE POWER' TEEPEE AND LEFT AT THE EFFIGY OF JONATHON PORRITT) MOVE FORWARD ONE SPACE!

51 HAWKWIND T-SHIRT WITH WARTS WHERE HIS EYES SHOULD BE IS HOLDING THE SACRED STONE OF GAIA, THE ULTIMATE KEY TO PHILOSOPHICAL INSIGHT (ACTUALLY A LUMP OF SOLIDIFIED EWE DROPPINGS, BUT YOURS NOT TO REASON WHY). THE ONLY WAY TO WRESTLE IT FROM HIS GRASP IS TO THROW A SIX AND THEN YOU WILL FIGHT HIM

52 AAAARGH! YOU DROPA CONTACT LENSE INTO THE COMMUNAL TOILETS AND WHILE TRYING TO FISH IT OUT, YOU FALL HEAD FIRST INTO THE PIT OF SHITE. MISS 3 GOES. WHILE YOU ARE PUBLICALLY HOSED DOWN, HUMILIATED, QUARANTINED AND THEN PUT THROUGH SEVERAL MONTHS PSYCHIATRIC COUNSELLING.

53 YOU FIND JOE BANANA'S BLANKET STALL. 'NUFF SAID. MOVE FORWARD 5 SPACES

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THE GRAPES

● Two years since they were last sited in their local pub, THE CURE are back on the festival trail, including their headline slot at Glastonbury. But first they must drain Milan dry of *vino bianco* and tell SIMON WILLIAMS how best to recover from his grappa hangover. Pitchers: STEVE 'mine's a' DOUBLE

It's perfect. Almost too damn perfect. The time is 3am eternal. The place is a shadowy courtyard in a swankbastard Milanese hotel. Beer has been consumed.

Likewise the food, the *vino bianco* and the alarmingly potent local spirit, grappa. Now the only sounds you can hear are the occasional chink of a red wine glass being set down on the table, the odd rumble of thunder over the distant northern Italian skyline, and the quavery, insistent New Town mutterings of one Robert Smith.

Towards the close of two hours of questioning, drinking and uncomfortable self-analysis, there is still a glint in his eye. Because this super furry animal, The Gothfather and all-round long-time head honcho of The Cure is talking about booze. More pertinently, he is talking about the morning after – the head-wobbling, stomach-fluttering moment when last night's beer becomes tomorrow's bleary lurch towards the bathroom cabinet. Yup, Robert Smith is talking about Keith Floyd's how-to-deal-with-a-hangover video.

"It's really good!" he beams with irrational enthusiasm. "He does this three-day course on how to detoxify your body from alcohol, and he drinks throughout the entire video. It's extraordinary! He has this fresh orange juice and he says, 'It's made much more palatable with a dash of *this*', and he slings half a bottle of gin into it. Then he cooks this fish, and he says the best way to wash it down is with a bottle of white wine! Honestly, the amount he drinks in three days is enough to kill someone! Unfortunately, all of his 'cures' involved alcohol, which isn't quite what we were looking for."

Oh well. Anyway, tell us Robert, after all these years of inebriated experience, just what is The Cure's cure for a hangover?

"Oh, we've got a few, actually. Little frozen oranges are good – take them out, let them defrost for 15 minutes and then just eat them with the ice and squeezed lemon juice. Physiologically it does nothing for you at all but at least you can taste something. Then the on-tour Cure hangover cure – when you're on a bus with a microwave and nothing else – is Rice Krispies with milk and cheese grated on top of it. And then chilli is sprinkled onto it when it comes out of the microwave. Honestly! Then you just put a spoonful on everyone's plate. If you can eat that, you know you're back in the land of the living. It doesn't cure your hangover, but nothing does, really. Keith Floyd's is the only one that works, unfortunately…"

LIKE ANY human sport that requires stamina, patience and an Olympian degree of self-discipline, drinking is an art that fits the cliché *practice makes perfect* and won't tolerate 'I'm washing my hair, dear' as an excuse. A simmering 17 years since Robert, drummer Lol Tolhurst and bassist Michael Dempsey, aka The Cure (né The Easy Cure) crawled from the nondescript satellite town of Crawley, the Smith boy has practised like few others. At least, the few others still alive to tell the tale.

He's also put in a fair bit of training into how-to-be-Robert-Smith, which – funnily enough – is tremendously reassuring. It's not just about handling a comb and a can of hairspray with all the sartorial delicacy of the Tasmanian Devil, y'see. Picture him in the hotel lobby eight hours ago: slightly frazzled by a delayed flight from Athens, he is a gawper's delight, passing entertainment for giggling tourists, Pernod-sipping Japanese suits and screechingly sophisticated Italian businesswomen.

Surrounded by the members of 'The Cure Team '95', namely Perry, Simon, Roger and Jason (*do* keep up – there have only been *two* line-up changes since The Cure last did an interview) Robert Smith seems splendidly oblivious to it all. The scruffy shirt hangs loose. The straggly mop hangs even looser. The bovver-boy trainers are oh-so-slightly pointed inwards in that cutesie-pie way. The hands are clasped together deferentially. Because Robert Smith is always indubitably, *reassuringly* Robert Smith. And, better still, for 36 hours he is in Milan. He is, therefore, The Italian Bob.

The reasons for this visit are clearer than Mystic Meg's crystal ball. The summer festival season is once again crash-landing upon us, mindwarps'n'all, and so The Cure are ambling around Europe doing their open air bit for buoyant, beer-spilling pop sorts the Continent over. Athens was first and Milan precedes a leisurely stroll through Zurich, Denmark, Paris, Portugal and, finally, Glastonbury.

And, as befits an artist who has made a career tittering in the slack-jawed face of the bleedin' obvious, in the spirit of the tent-lugging, drug-consuming, Portaloo-retching season The Italian Bob is gazing around the five star courtyard and casually admitting that he has never, ever attended a festival as a punter.

Excellent!

"It's never really appealed to me," he shrugs. "I'm just not a festival kinda guy. I prefer to have mini-Glastonburys. On my own at home. On a practical level, I can't be a punter at a festival," he observes with commendable logic, "I don't have a problem shopping locally, but I think if I wandered across a festival site all it would take is one person coming up and saying 'It's YOU, isn't it?' and it would get uncomfortable. I wish I could be a punter sometimes. But then again, I don't, because then I wouldn't be in a group that's playing at Glastonbury.

"We did the Elephant Fayre in Cornwall in 1985 and it was really good because it was literally an arts festival in a field. I could sit down and no-one knew who I was and I joined in the spirit of things on all levels. I'm not sure how good we were – I wasn't really aware of our performance, because I was floating a lot of the time – but I got a real sense of commune because there were so many things going on."

Isn't that the whole Glastonbury vibe, though? That ker-raaaazy world of Chilldom and existing in just-getting-on-with-your-own-thing-land? After all, The Cure have already played Glasters twice, in '86 and '90 (both World Cup years, natch), so you must have some feeling of empathy towards those fuzzy fields, right?

"Yeah, and I liked the first time we played there – I really enjoyed it. The second time, I was so ill. We'd just come back from Europe and I had incredibly bad food poisoning. And the sanitary facilities at Glastonbury don't look after someone with bad food poisoning, so I was really grumpy. Oh, and a helicopter landed as we were getting into the set because there was this girl crushed down the front, which sounds a bit churlish but we had to stop the set for ten minutes just as we were building up momentum…

"But we had a big discussion about today's photo session earlier on, and it's all greenery and mud and it's supposed to be tribal. And Glastonbury isn't – that's a load of old bollocks. It isn't a hippy thing, and I object to that because it's so old-fashioned. I'm sure that a lot of people realise that this year, on its 25th anniversary, it's a huge commercial enterprise. And we're part of it. I feel kind of guilty about that sometimes, as though people are being forced to go to Glastonbury to see us. But if the bill is interesting enough then they might discover someone else."

This would seem to be the very crux of Robert's sense of unease. Sure, last night in Greece they played with the Jesus & Mary Chain and he was "really happy" because they were "really great" which in turn made the crowd "really happy" and consequently fired up The Cure even more. And in Tourhourt they'll be co-headlining with REM, and REM are going on last, which is weird because The Cure haven't 'supported' anyone for about ten years, but it's good as well because it's healthy competition.

And in Roskilde The Cure are going on stage after Van Halen. VAN HALEN!!?? Exactly!

Frustration is the key. Legend has it that The Cure put forward a few "less mainstream" suggestions for their Sunday night bill at Glasters, none of which were accepted. And the bee currently buzzing around Bob's barnet is rather concerned with that old chestnut, Value For Money, whereby the classic Cure-ite will womble along to the festival for two or three other familiar bands, but should then be blown away by all manner of fresh mind-expanding musical experiences.

"I'm looking forward to it," he insists. "Despite the bill Glastonbury has become an event, and it's staggering that it's sold out so fast. But Glastonbury should be an astoundingly good bill! They could do *anything* on their 25th anniversary! But there are certain bands on the bill and you know what they're like and you know they're shit!" Pause. Frown. Ponder. "Against that, you have to have your head stuck firmly in the Glastonbury mud if you don't see *anything* there that fires your imagination."

MUCH LATER on – a full 24 hours in fact, as The Cure prepare to slope out of the hotel at 3am the following morning to go clubbing – Robert tempers his words. Another suitably lengthy bout of procrastination and brow-beating has mellowed his views somewhat and he's eager to play the role of entertainment enthusiast. Verily, Robert Smith is suddenly built to Glast.

"Rice Krispies with milk and cheese grated on top of it. And then chilli is sprinkled onto it when it comes out of the microwave. Honestly!" – The Cure's hangover 'cure'

This may or may not have something to do with the events of the Sonoria '95 festival The Cure played earlier that night.

'Tis a curiously cobbled together two day fandango, the first of which featured all manner of hard'n'heavy rap/rock tykes. Sadly, Primus cancelled. Even sadder, the organisers dragged in well known metal maestro Paul Weller to fill the slot between (yes!) Rollins Band and (double yes!!) Faith No More. The Cure's day is enlivened by all manner of equally skewhiff jollities, notably Page & Plant, Terence Trent D'Arby, Cranes and the traditional motley collection of local acts. Sheryl Crow sensibly doesn't make an appearance. Last night's thunderstorm, alas, does decide to show up.

Frankly, it is hell out there. Incessant downpours have transformed the site into an ankle-deep morass of mud and other thankfully unrecognisable substances. Small goths stomp tearfully through the puddles, mascara splodged and freaky-deaky Bob hairstyles rain-damaged way beyond salvation. Dozens of sussed sorts huddle beneath the few available canvas shelters. Less sensitive punters have hi-jacked the portaloos in a desperate bid to avoid drowning.

Backstage, things are even more surreal. Robert Smith is chatting to Robert Plant (aha! The Italian Bobs!) while the rest of The Cure hide from the storm and pretend that, well, it's not that bad, really. There's a neat twist to these proceedings, to boot. The meeting of the two Bobs may appear to be a sinister social interaction between stadium rockers from years gone by, but the reality is more innocent as former Cure guitarist Porl Thompson is now stroking the proverbial snake for Page & Plant's band.

The Cure may not have been too chuffed with such a turn of events at the time – Porl allegedly left because he said he was fed up with touring, only to promptly hit the road with the ex-Led Zeppers – but Smith can hardly be completely dismissive of his ex-colleague. You see, Porl married Robert's sister. Good grief!

"You have to have your head stuck firmly in the Glastonbury mud if you don't see *anything* there that fires your imagination."

Drummer Boris has departed, as well. The 'new' Boris simply didn't want to be in The Cure anymore. So the amorphous, ever-changing Cure monster once again shakes and quakes into another bizarre dimension. Over there is keyboard player Roger O'Donnell. He initially left The Cure five years ago to start up a slinky clothing emporium in Toronto. Obviously. "It's a long story," he smiles, by way of absolutely no explanation whatsoever. Luckily, his return is a shorter affair: Bob phoned him up and said "Come over – we need a piano player in the studio". Roger duly jetted back to Blighty and The Cure insisted that he stay. He's a very chilled out character. As you would be if you'd once had a stint in The Thompson Twins.

And over there is new drummer Jason Cooper, arguably the unlikeliest candidate ever for a job in The Cure by virtue of his suntan and blond hair. He looks *healthy*. He also used to drum for My Life Story. Hell, it's on a par with Wayne Hussey joining Boyzone. Jason got the gig after an astonishingly protracted – and thus extremely Cure-like – selection process which at one point found Robert, bassist Simon Gallup and guitarist Perry Bamonte spending three days solid drinking and watching 40 hour-long videos of prospective drummers, uh, drumming. "I wouldn't let them fast forward, either," Smith smirks. Then, with a shudder he admits, "That was a low point in my life…"

But it's typical of His Bobness that he should drive himself and everyone else doolally in pursuit of the perfect choice. As the one constant in The Cure equation since the nascent days of 'Killing An Arab', it seems that he has dragged, kicked and generally battered the frequently bloodied band all the way from art school curios into tip-top chart regulars and Big Stagehands extraordinaire.

Glancing back at the peers who have perished, be they punk, Noo Wave, Goth or even the potentially enormo likes of Echo & The Bunnymen, it is utterly remarkable that The Cure haven't imploded in any similar drug-crazed, success-phased orgy of destruction.

Maybe it's in Smith's soul. Remember when the early Cure were on a prestigious, nay *vital* tour with Siouxsie And The Banshees, and two of the Banshees walked out on the band in Scotland? Smith was so aghast at the suggestion of scrapping the gigs that he ended up playing guitar for both bands throughout the entire tour. Or maybe he's just a bastard.

"The Cure isn't Robert Smith and Whoever-else-happens-to-be-there," he insists. "That's an easy way out because the group's been going an awfully long time and, yeah, I've always been in it, but Simon's been in it for years and Perry's been around since 1984 and Roger's come back… I mean, I've never pretended it's a group in the sense that everyone's voice has the same weight, because it doesn't. But it is a group in the sense that it wouldn't exist without the others. I wouldn't do it as just me and a bunch of anonymous people.

"Sometimes I seem monstrous because I chuck people out of the band, but *anyone* would be like me! I admire Boris and Porl a lot more than I do people in the group who are simply clinging on, but I don't think I'm the centre of the universe.

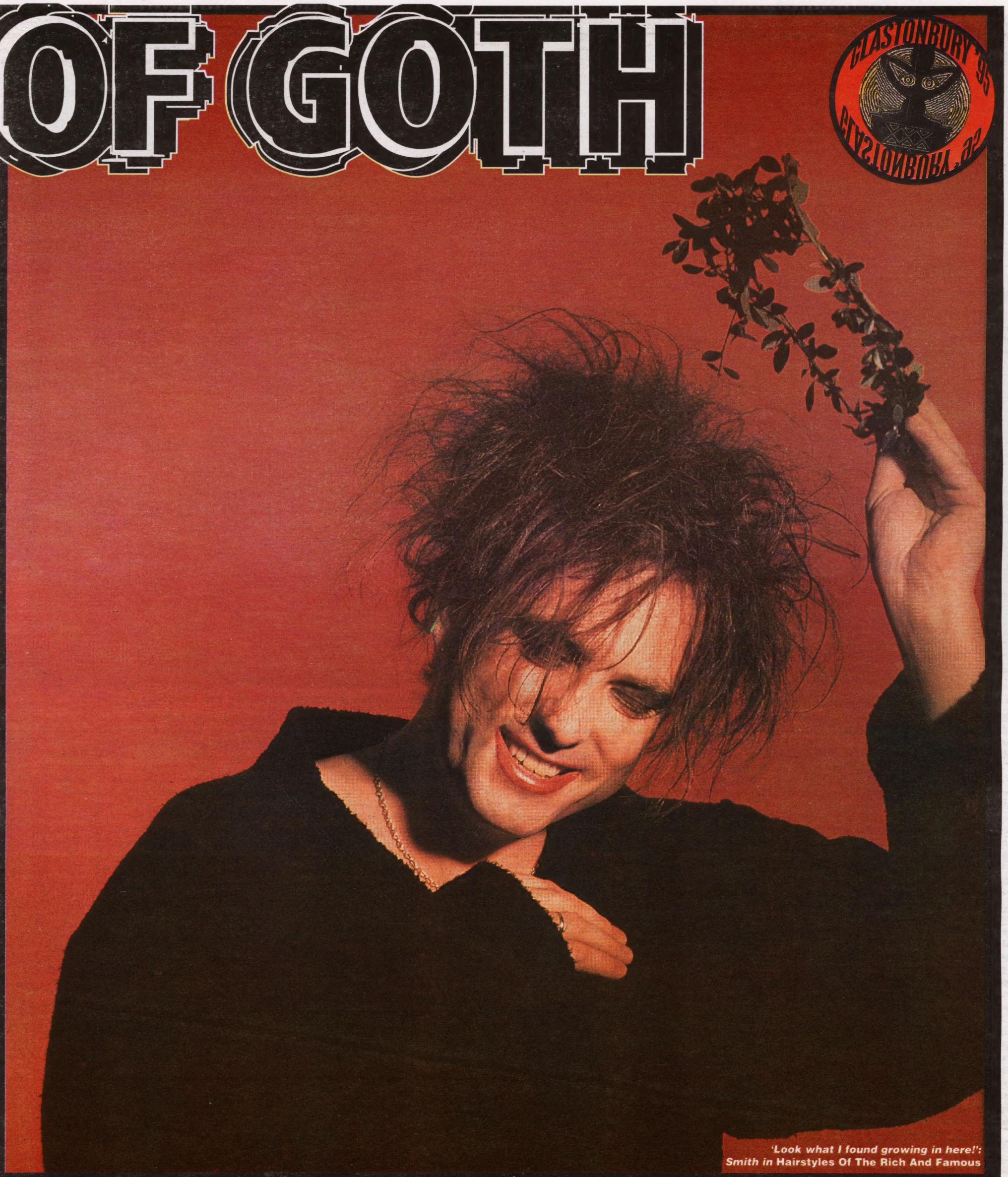
"When we get a new band together, I let them play for a couple of weeks and then I join in and I'm really horrible to them and say 'You're playing like a f—ing bar band!' But with every line-up I've tried so hard for it to be good. I would *never* let it fall below a certain level – it would make the whole thing redundant if I sat back and said, 'Yeah, we can get away with anything…' I'm still really worried – not even because it means something to other people, but because it means something to *me*. I'd hate to wake up after tomorrow night and think, 'We were shit'."

When was the last time that happened to The Cure? Bob doesn't hesitate.

"Honestly, the last time we were really, really bad was at Shepton Mallet in 1985. I remember it distinctly. It was another new line-up, we were under-rehearsed and it was on the first date of a British tour. I was so embarrassed on stage. We were so bad. We got halfway through and I was sweating, thinking, 'I don't ever wanna do this again!' We were f—ing awful. We were all good individually, but we were all playing different songs.

"We'd been drinking all the way down in the bus the night before and stayed up all night and played football at lunchtime and we went to the pub and came out of the pub and went onstage thinking, 'We're going to be good because we're The Cure'. And we weren't. The only times we've been bad since then has been because of things beyond our control. Like massive individual drug abuse!"

OF GOTH



'Look what I found growing in here!': ***Smith in* Hairstyles Of The Rich And Famous**

We could put it down to a Protestant work ethic, if only Robert wasn't Catholic. Whatever the religious beliefs, he insists that if you're aspiring to *something*, it doesn't matter if it goes wrong. He draws a parallel with football – if the band plays a match against the road crew and loses 10-3 Robert feels vindicated because they didn't lose 10-0. Nope, the crew doesn't understand it, either.

It's an attitude that prevailed the last time The Cure skulked into the public eye a couple of years ago, when Smith spent months "tidying up" the 'Show' live video after the 'Wish' tour "because I was disgusted with the director, who f—ed off and did Paul McCartney or someone because he realised we weren't gonna make enough money from that film." So he sweated and laboured in the editing suite, striving to complete a product of both sufficient quality and low price to appease the hardcore following. And then?

"It reached a point that I'd watched it so much I f—ing hated us," he states with a flatness that defies a fit of giggles. "I really, really did. I hated every move I made on stage, everything about it. I cut my hair off, cut down on the make-up and thought, what can I do that's really out of character? So I went to the races. I read and talked to people. I saw my niece and nephew and thought I should impose upon them the idea that I was actually their uncle rather than have them just seeing pictures of me. And I became anonymous. It's not that difficult. People say it's really hard when you're in the public eye to get out of it. It isn't! You just go home for a while. And you don't have a publicist."

Eventually, some time last year, The Cure got around to making new demos. The personnel problems were (once again) rectified. And Robert, mightily pissed off at the exorbitant costs of recording at The Manor studios in Oxford, decided to buy in all the necessary equipment and flog it afterwards, thus making an album for the cost of sod all.

So he went shopping and moved all the gear into Jane Seymour's rambling house in Bath. All well and good. The Cure planned to stay there for three months, with a release date for the new LP pencilled in for this Spring. Naturally, it turned out to be a rather good lie.

"The house had an effect on us," he admits, raffishly. "It was just like sharing this big place, and recording almost became secondary, which is a really good thing. We spent a whole month before Christmas just talking and going out. It was like a dream, really."

Admittedly it was a far cry from the sessions for '17 Seconds' over a decade earlier – recorded in a demented manner within 13 days with the band sleeping on the studio floor. Robert wistfully recalls the chilled-out wintertime jamming sessions with Indian drums in Jane's back garden, encapsulating the ideology of a band bothered not by such piffling details as record company deadlines and release schedules. You can only wonder at the wide-eyed innocence of it all, because it's the kind of innocence that only either total naïvety or huge wads of cash can bring.

And the album's release date has been, uh, slightly amended to suit. It won't be shimmying into the nation's record stores until *next year*.

"The real reason why we haven't finished it is because I can't write the words."

CONTINUES OVER

In a field of their own: Glasto stars The Cure (from left) Perry, Jason, Robert, Roger and Simon giving some hapless plants the regulation Bob backcomb

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

A flash of lightning. Another crack of thunder. Very timely. Uh, pardon, Robert?

"Maybe I should write some shit lyrics on Prozac…" he leers. "No! I didn't say that, hahaha! Really, musically the new stuff is very different – very acoustic, very naïve – and I found it very difficult to write stuff that complements it that isn't contrived. It hasn't happened to me before, but I'm not worried about it.

"The difference between now and five years ago is that I hold back a lot more now, but I want to write something that's… not *obvious*, but that says something. And from album to album I've achieved it on certain songs but never as consistently as I've really wanted to because we've always worked to a deadline, we've always had a tour lined up, so we've had to finish the album. And so this time we just said 'No tour'.

"I can see where bits of 'Wish' fell flat. In spite of what people think I am my own harshest critic, because some of what I write initially comes across as very banal and simplistic. So maybe with that in mind I've tried to make these words… not clever, because I can't be cleverer than I am, and I'm not that clever lyrically, or any other way, really.

"I just want them to resonate with the music and, if that takes another few months, then that's tough. We're not making an album in a conventional way, so I'm not worried. And I'm so scathing of what other people do I couldn't lay myself open to criticism of myself that I level at other people."

ODD BAND, The Cure. No – really, *really* odd. As with any group embracing long-term pretensions, they are riddled with contradictions; layers of idiosyncracies that sit awkwardly on their own but, thrown together, make a weird dazed-glo kind of sense. To wit, sit the fivesome around the dinner table and you will be baffled by the ubiquitous mish-mash of in-band jokes and hazy, booze-blurred anecdotes.

Then Robert will start a one-on-one conversation about how those 'Satanists' in Greece who are facing murder and rape charges aren't really Satanists at all – it's just a load of *el diablo*-related toss to justify their sick actions. And before you know it you're talking passionately about the basic human construct and believing in Higher Forces and debating whether or not cats actually understand what they see when they look in a mirror.

And then Robert will glance up towards the other side of the dinner table and see that his Cure colleagues are proudly showing each other their underpants.

Likewise, out in the courtyard on his own he is affable company, burbling on about the ins, outs and in between days of his band with scant encouragement. Yet he isn't averse to staring down at his romper shoes and wondering aloud about "having nothing left to say".

"I'm not sure if I'm even being truthful about how I feel about the band anymore," he frowns at another point, which is either: a) another Good Lie; b) a genuine sign of mixed-up post-post-adolescence; or c) a crafty, cuddle-me-please blend of both.

What is certain is that while Robert Smith speedily approaches the age whereby he could have physically fathered the latest generation of Camden kids, he is reluctant to tie himself down to any old sod's nostalgia trip. Nope, he never steps back and looks at The Cure's career with any sense of swelling pride – why should he, frowns The Boblike One, when he has a nest egg of 20 or so new or nearly-completed songs to consider? A few of them have already started creeping into the live set. And one in particular is destined for a rather special existence.

"Did you know that we've done the *Judge Dredd* theme tune?" he asks rhetorically and with no small amount of pride. "Irony, I think, is why we did it. I just thought it would be funny for a group like us to do one of the summer blockbusters!"

Simple, eh? So simple, in fact, that The Cure casually turned down similar offers from the makers of *Tank Girl* and *Batman Forever* recently – a tribute to their heroic Enormodome status in America, not to mention a nod and a wink at the more unpredictable nature of the band's *oeuvre*: a bunch of supposedly miserable bleeders involved in a 'feel good' movie? Like it! It's another twist. Another riddle to solve. Another sting in the long and winding Cure tale.

It has been estimated that every single minute of the day some AOR-tastic radio station somewhere in the world is playing 'Hotel Bastard California' by The Eagles. On a slightly less preposterous scale it is surely logical to postulate that throughout opening hours barely a second goes by without a Cure song creeping from a pub jukebox *somewhere* in Britain. Whether it be the minimal studey sound of 'Boy's Don't Cry', the psyched-up psychedelic froth of, say, 'The Love Cats', something for the moody kind of weekend like, perhaps, 'Pictures Of You', or even one of the chewier wig-outs from the club-chummy 'All Mixed Up', Curesongs (TM) have an unnerving way of raising the wistful ghosts of feelings past. And you can't say that about Fields Of The Nephilim.

The irony of it all is that having careered from the dippy to the downright trippy, from the starkly bleak to the spider-crawling pop shriek, The Cure's main strength over the past decade and a half has been – hold onto your distress flares – *consistency*.

"That's almost like an insult!" beams Robert. "But yeah, I don't mind that. It just depends on what the consistency is – if it's mud it's really dull, if it's the consistency of mercury it's really exciting.

"But at the bottom of it all, I honestly think it comes down to the songs," he continues, mining the traditionally rich vein of classic *On*-style quotes with cunning aplomb. "Without them, it doesn't matter how much attitude you have or what you represent or what you look like or anything else that goes hand-in-hand with being in a group – it all means f— all if you haven't got good songs. And it sounds big-headed, but we have.

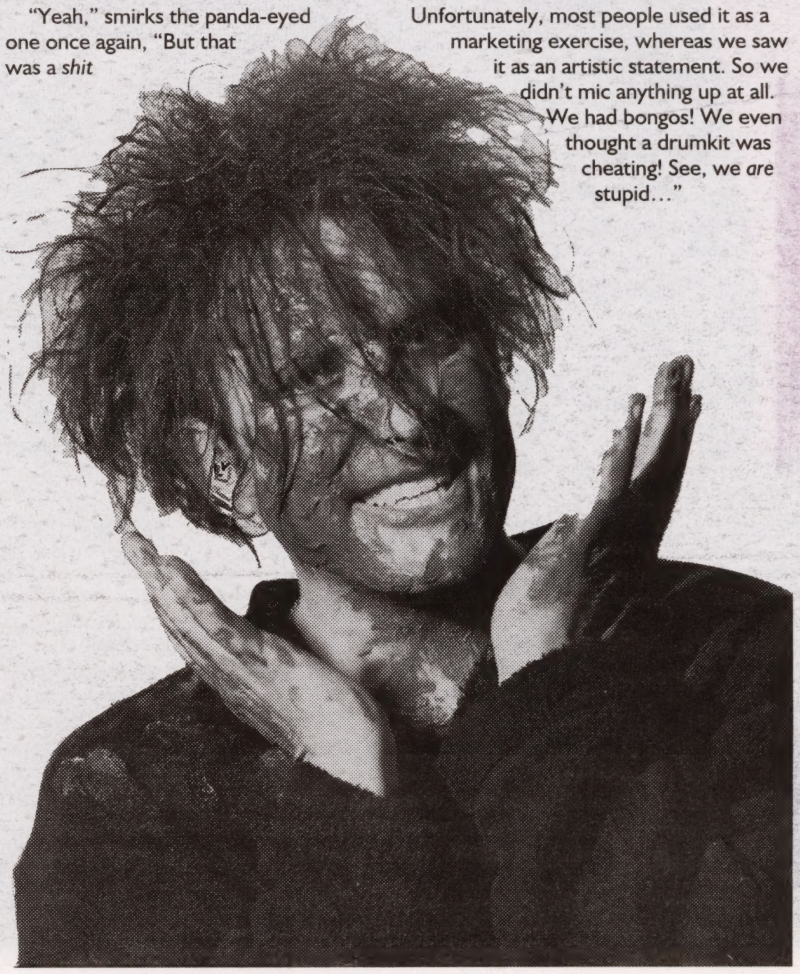
"Also, people latch onto the idea that we've never really compromised, which we haven't. Control is supposed to be a bad thing, like 'control freak' is almost a derisory phrase, but I've spent so much of my life doing this that I've always wanted to do it how *I've* wanted to do it. I've never felt that anybody else could know better than me, including everyone. And I think that eventually that filters through and people think, yeah, you *can* get on with things without taking notice of what goes on around you."

THE THUNDER keeps a'thundering. The lightning whipcracks through the clouds, chasing the courtyard shadows away for a few dazzling seconds. And Robert Smith gets maudlin.

"I've met hundreds of people, and most of them are shit, basically," he grumps, gurning about "insinuating eel-like characters" wriggling around the bizness and snapping, "I'm just sickened by the politics and duplicity involved in this industry." Cheers! Hey, Robert! I heard a rumour that Glastonbury is going to be The Cure's last ever live show!

"Yeah," smirks the panda-eyed one once again, "But that was a *shit* rumour, though!"

And so it is that the man who once wore a bear suit in a video and surprisingly didn't destroy his entire career in the process bids adieu to the strange, sinister world of interviews for another year with a weary sigh and one last gaze at the Italian stars. And then you suddenly think, hell, The Cure are seven-bloody-teen years old! Time to record that unrockingly respectable 'Unplugged' recording session, surely!

And then you remember that, yeah, The Cure being the wobbly jellyheads that they are, they've already done it. Bastards!

"Oh, we were one of the first!" chortles Robert, "But we were also one of the few not to release it as an album. Unfortunately, most people used it as a marketing exercise, whereas we saw it as an artistic statement. So we didn't mic anything up at all. We had bongos! We even thought a drumkit was cheating! See, we *are* stupid…"